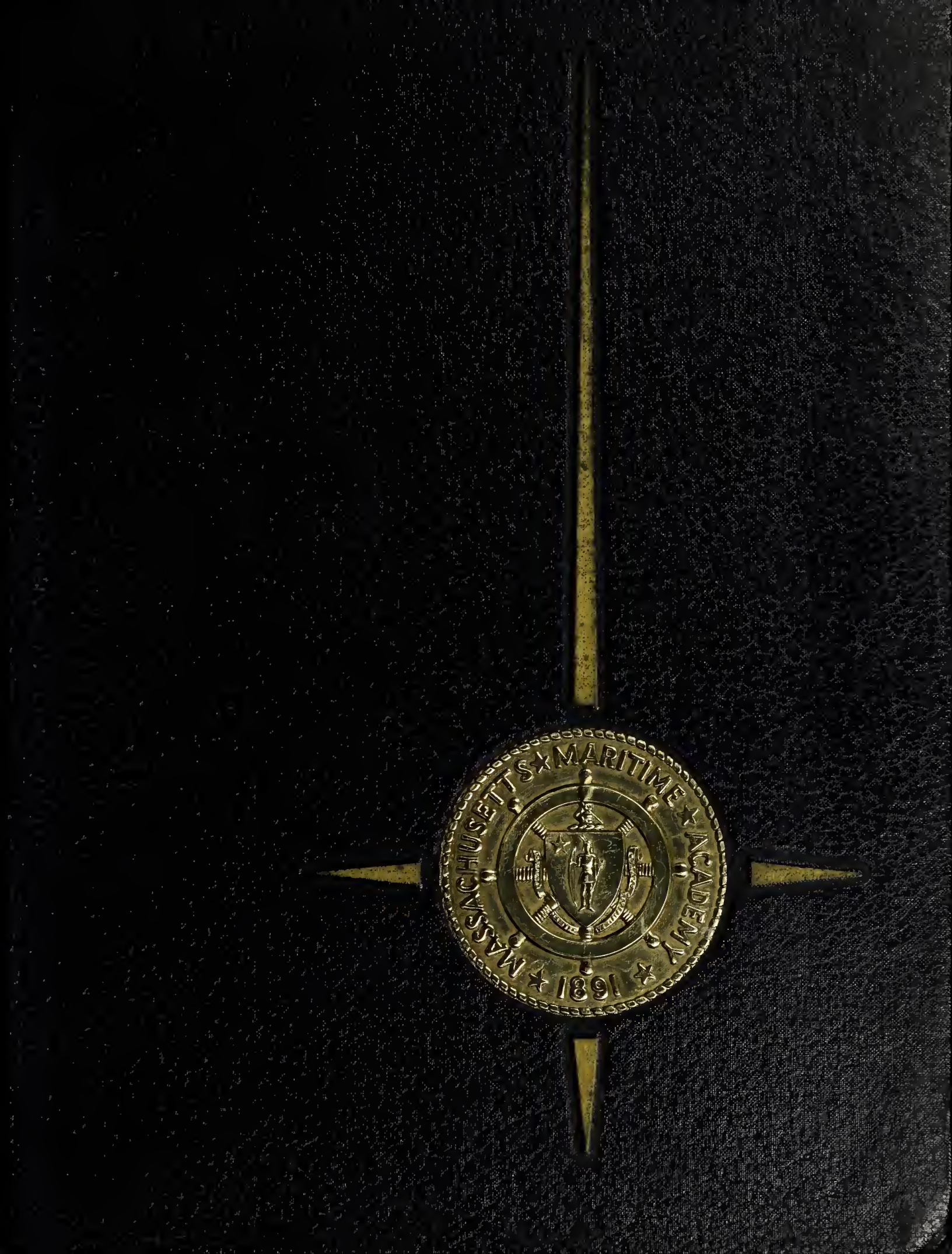
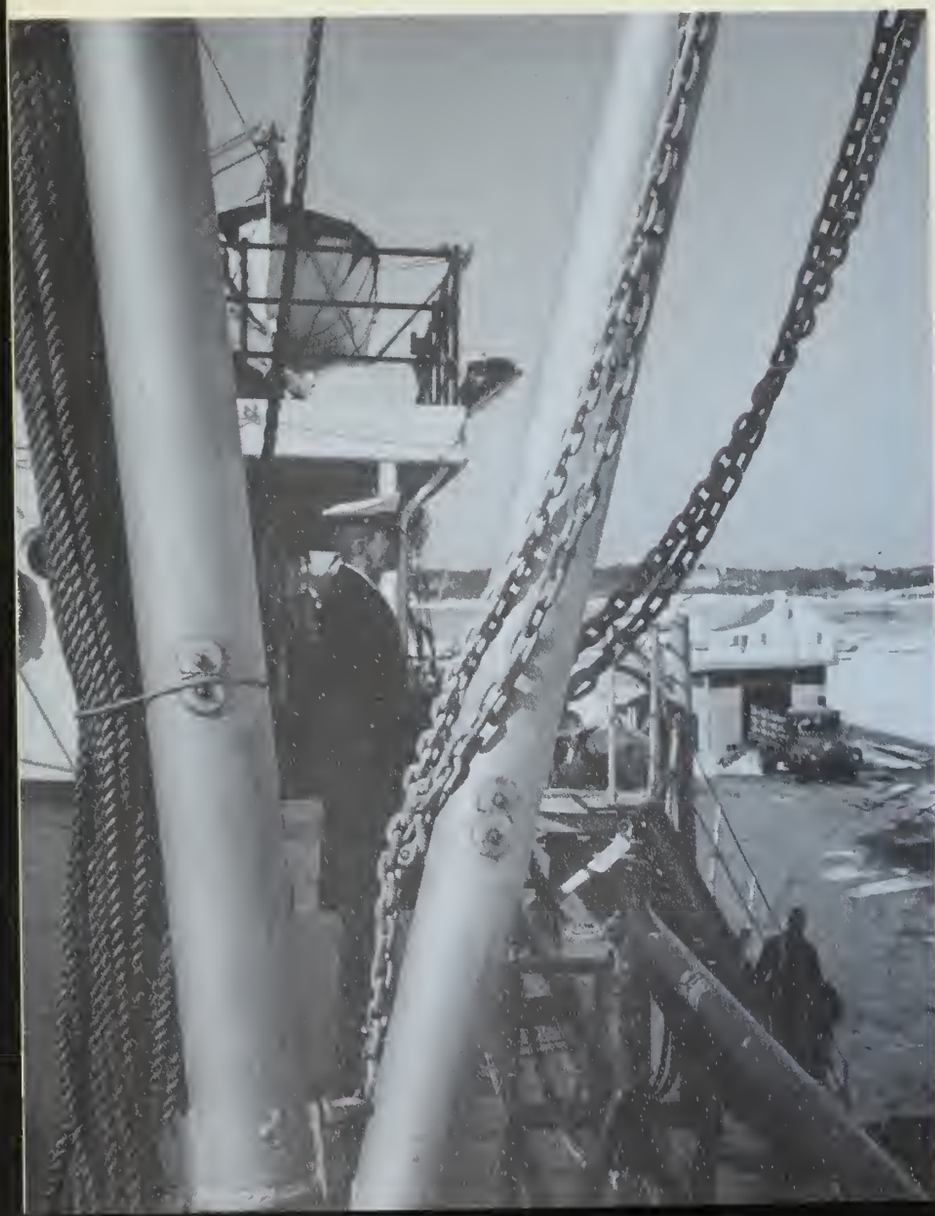

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY
1891

The men who go to sea in merchant ships are a special breed. They must be hardy of soul, rugged in physique, and self-reliant for the sea will seldom give in easily.

He who enters as a lubber of a lad leaves wise in the ways of the sea, for it is he who will guide a ship before the four winds.

There is a wealth of knowledge to be learned in a short span of time. This means that one absorbs the first time and is ready to accomplish a task at a moment's notice—the right way the first time.

The individual must master himself and come to know his capabilities. To do the job the right way the first time is the goal of the efficient seaman.

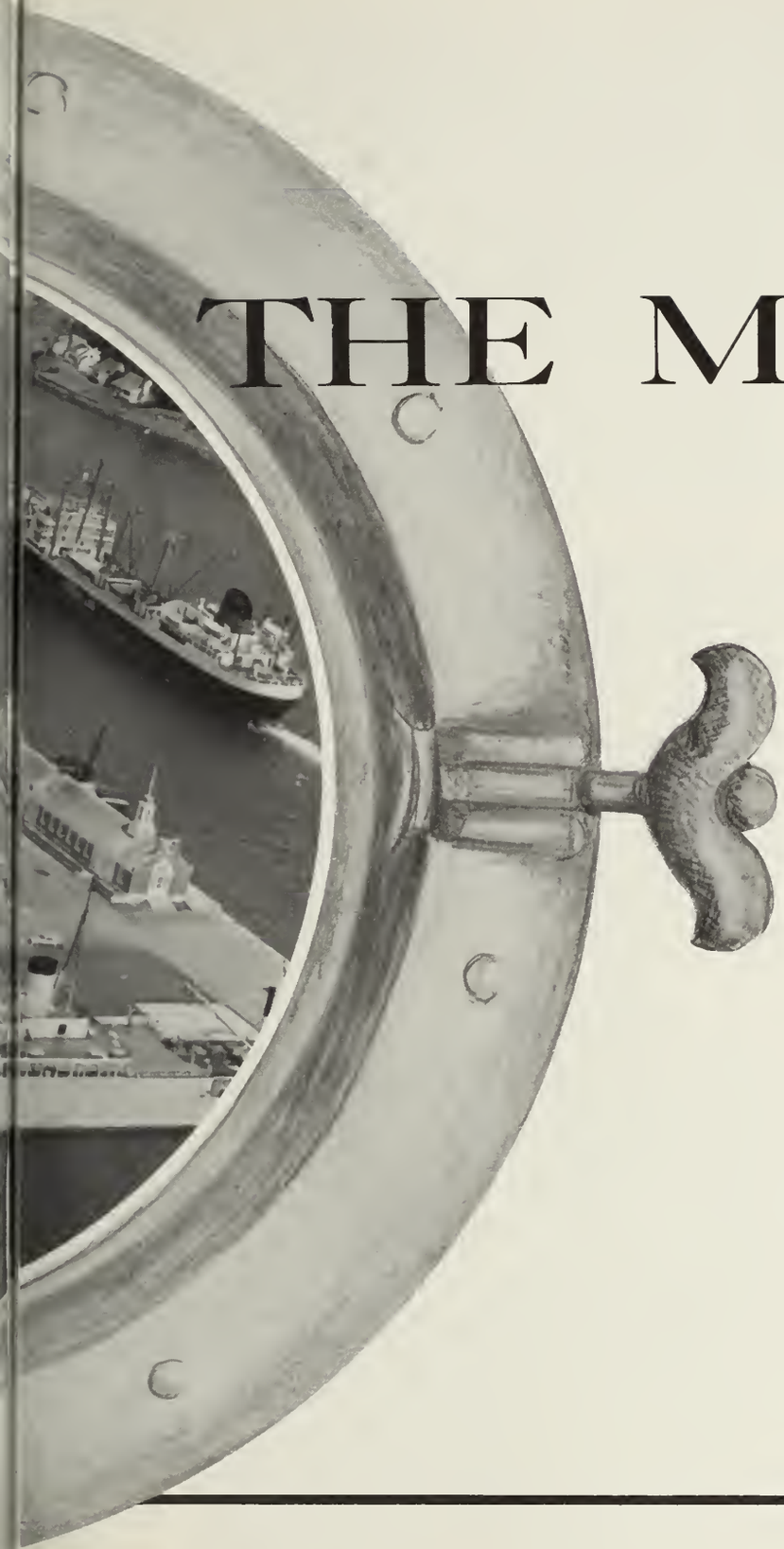


The deep water sailor must come to know the ways of the world for this is his place of business. To be responsible requires devotion, to be competent requires professional pride, and to be understanding in the ways of the sea and the world is to be wise.

The life on the sea can be hard if the individual cannot measure up to the test. The real seaman will manifest a natural love for the sea. He will treat it with respect and, hopefully, it will be kind to him.

The real seaman will have the courage to face the elements and the perseverance to stick to his task and to see the hardship through even if he must pass through the jaws of a booming gale.

Independent of mind, professionally competent, of stout character, and possessing a will to do a job well—such is the merchant mariner; and the best come from the MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY.



THE MUSTER

A SENIOR PUBLICATION
MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME
ACADEMY
BUZZARDS BAY, MASSACHUSETTS

1966

Nineteen Sixty-Six . . .

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A Year of Change and Promise

A Passing Word . .

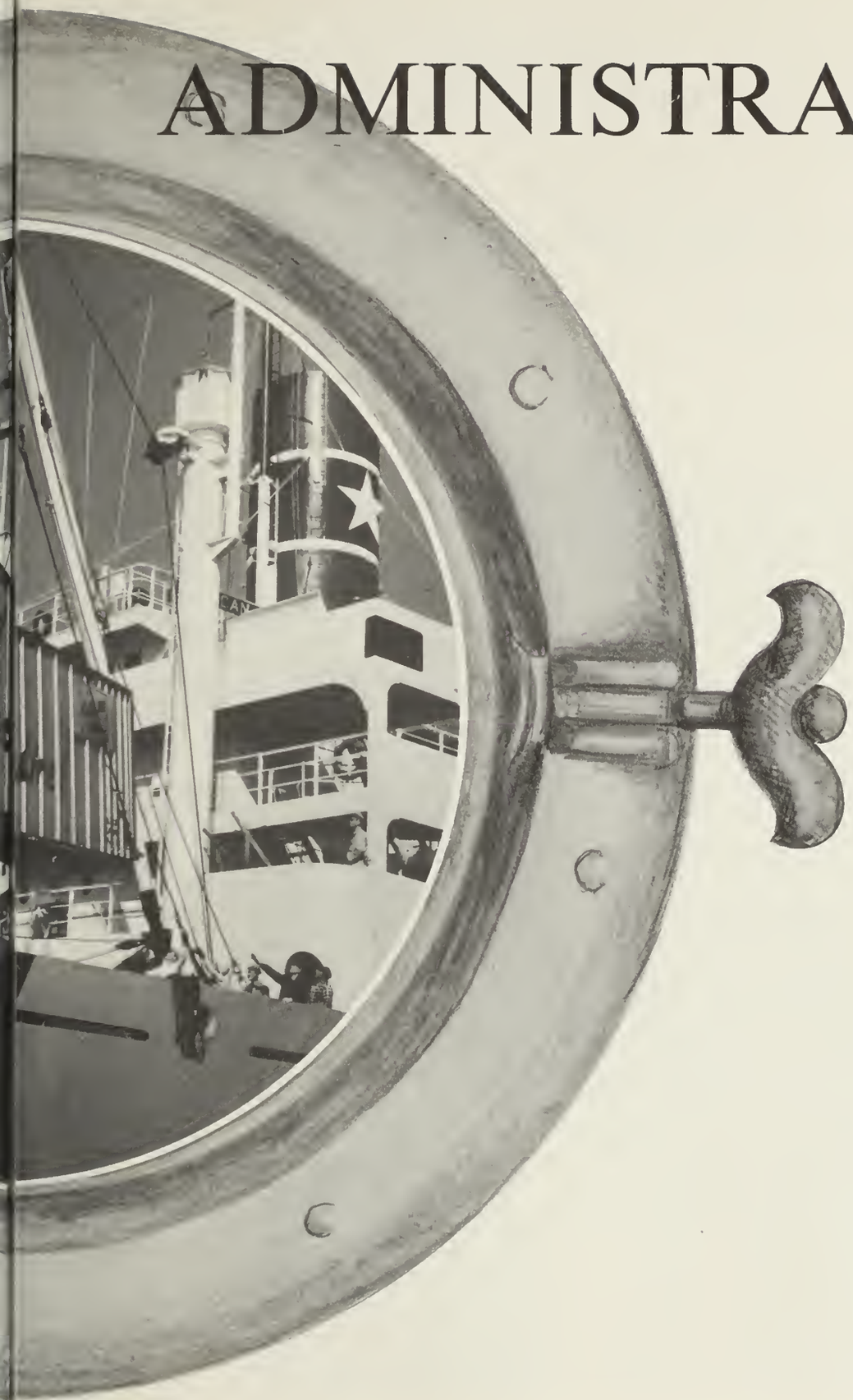
The closing of this academic year Nineteen Hundred Sixty-Six marks the closing of an era. The Class of Sixty-Six is about to set out on a sea-going career in a modern up to date world, which will present many opportunities and challenges on whichever trade route we might choose to ply. The academy is headed toward new horizons of organization and construction.

The function of a yearbook is to present the graduating class as they lived and carried on. As third classmen, nobody knew whether they were coming or going due to initial naivete, but one soon learned to operate like a well-oiled machine. As second classmen one soon learned how to perpetuate the system, which boiled down to "Do unto others as others did unto you". As first classmen one showed how to perpetuate the system. The system is now no more for a new system has come to Massachusetts Maritime Academy and new thought will be germinated. The fraternal feeling of the Class of Sixty-Six is "We came, We conquered, and We got ours". That was the way it was. The Muster now presents the Class of Nineteen Hundred Sixty-Six . . . . . The way they were.

Bruce B. Fisher
Editor, 1966 MUSTER

SM.L. 200

ADMINISTRATION



U.S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
MARITIME ADMINISTRATION
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20235

OFFICE OF THE ADMINISTRATOR

TO THE CADETS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY

I find it singularly appropriate that you have chosen "New Horizons" as the theme for the 1966 issue of The Muster.

For, at no time as much as now has the Merchant Marine—all segments of it—been on the verge of so much that is of the future: looking toward a new horizon.

The Massachusetts Maritime Academy is well-equipped to meet the challenges of the new U. S. Merchant Marine. In its 75th year it is carrying on a maritime heritage and tradition dating back to the Yankee Clippers, the New England fishermen and lobstermen, and the Massachusetts whalers.

You cadets of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy are, indeed, most fortunate. You are living, and learning, in an era when advancement and ingenuity of intellect are encouraged and rewarded. You are able to see first hand the latest in ship technology, and you are taught by men who are "able" seamen in the fullest sense of the word; who are skilled in the technology and concepts they impart to you, and who are well versed at passing on the lore they have accumulated over the years to receptive minds and hearts.

Your future is exciting and exhilarating. The challenge you face is unique, in that you can begin to meet it from the moment of your graduation. And your training here has been planned so that you will meet that challenge with success equal to that of your predecessoirs when they met the challenge of the Second World War.

Those of you who are seniors have an extra opportunity—a chance to serve your country immediately aboard ship to help relieve the shortage of officers.

You are further challenged to keep current with all the new developments, some of them still germinating in the fertile brains of unknown thinkers, that will unfold and further improve the U. S. Merchant Marine. As time goes on, duties aboard ship will become increasingly complex and demanding. Retraining and upgrading of officers and seamen will continue to be an ever growing need.

The burden, the challenge, and the rewards are yours. It is your industry — and your future. Many of you will become officials in various segments of the maritime industry. You will have to come forward with new ideas, methods, designs, suggestions —and with new visions—to assure the goals which must be met to achieve shipping's future.

The Merchant Marine must be made more economic if it is to thrive, as well as to survive. And it is you who must make it so.

Possibilities for the maritime industry, and for your future in it, are bright. They lie in a modern, fast fleet carrying vast quantities of U. S. trade all over the world, profitably for shippers and carriers alike. Attainment of this goal requires great effort, energy, and imagination.

When you leave your formal training behind, you will enter a life more exciting than you could have imagined, more difficult and beset with obstacles than you have yet encountered, but offering the rare satisfactions that come with ultimate success.

Nicholas Johnson
Maritime Administrator

JOHN A VOLPE
GOVERNOR

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY:

It is a pleasure for me, as Governor, to extend the congratulations of the Commonwealth to the graduating class of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

I am happy also to offer my personal good wishes to each of you upon the completion of your studies at the Academy.

Your training has been comprehensive and well planned to fit you for the responsibilities and duties which you will encounter in the honored field of maritime service.

Through this message in your yearbook, "The Muster," which will be a source of pleasant memories to you in later life, I wish you success and true happiness in your careers.

Sincerely,

John A Volpe

Governor

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Massachusetts Maritime Academy

BUZZARDS BAY, MASSACHUSETTS 02532 | DIVISION OF STATE COLLEGES

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

2 June 1966

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:

IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE TO GET TO KNOW EACH OF YOU DURING THE PAST YEAR, AND IT WILL BE A FURTHER PLEASURE TO WATCH YOUR CAREERS DEVELOP AS YOU SUCCEED IN YOUR CHOSEN PROFESSION.

MAY GOOD FORTUNE ATTEND YOU ALL IN THE YEARS AHEAD.

Sincerely yours,

A. Sanford Limouze

A. Sanford Limouze
Captain, USMS
President

The oldest continuously-operating maritime academy in the United States

Captain A. Sanford Limouze, USMS
President

A Change . . .

On June 18, 1964, Governor Endicott Peabody signed into law legislation which placed the Massachusetts Maritime Academy within the Division of State Colleges. The law eliminated the Board of Commissioners and the post of superintendent and decreed that the Academy, like the ten other State colleges, would be led by a president.

Dr. A. Sanford Limouze, Dean of the United States Merchant Marine Academy, was selected by the Board of Trustees of State Colleges as the first president. On June 1, 1965, at a brief but impressive ceremony before the assembled faculty and students, the new president was officially installed by Mr. Stuart MacMillan, Chairman of the Board.

An Installation . . .

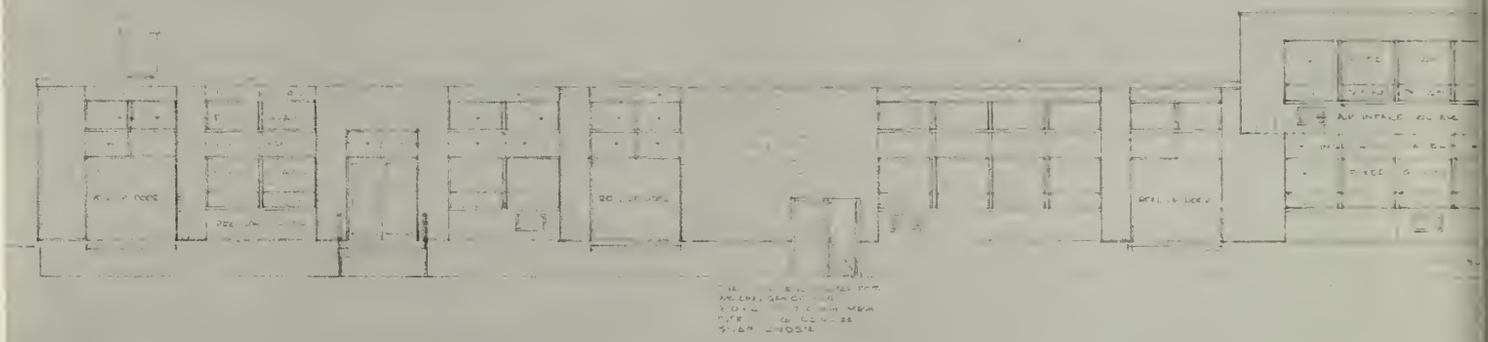
The formal inauguration of a college president is always a very colorful and impressive event. The inauguration of Dr. Limouze, as the first president in the seventy-four year history of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy was no exception to this rule.

The usual pageantry of colorfully robed representatives of sister colleges from across the country, the time-honored processions, speeches, and musical renditions were all a part of this program.

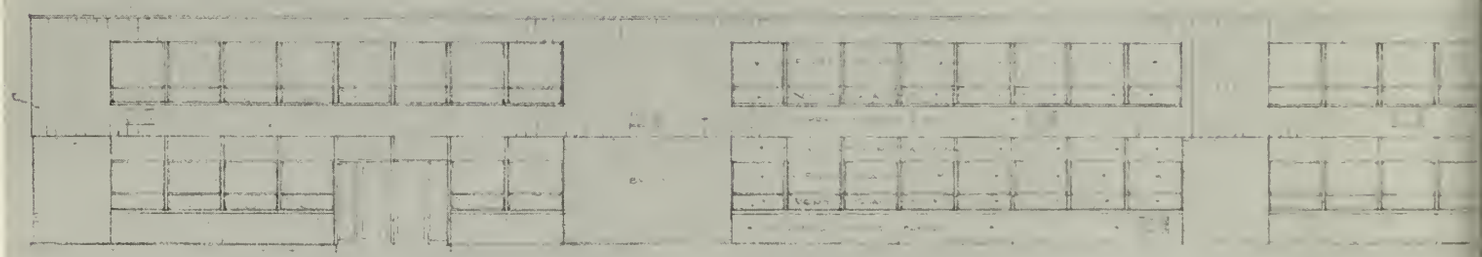
Our celebration had a few unique items, such as a mass of shipping company "house" flags, decorating the hall and speakers' stand, and the escort of the new president to his campus by the Governor's home guard, the National Lancers.

We all know that the continuing development of the Academy will be a reflection of this auspicious occasion.

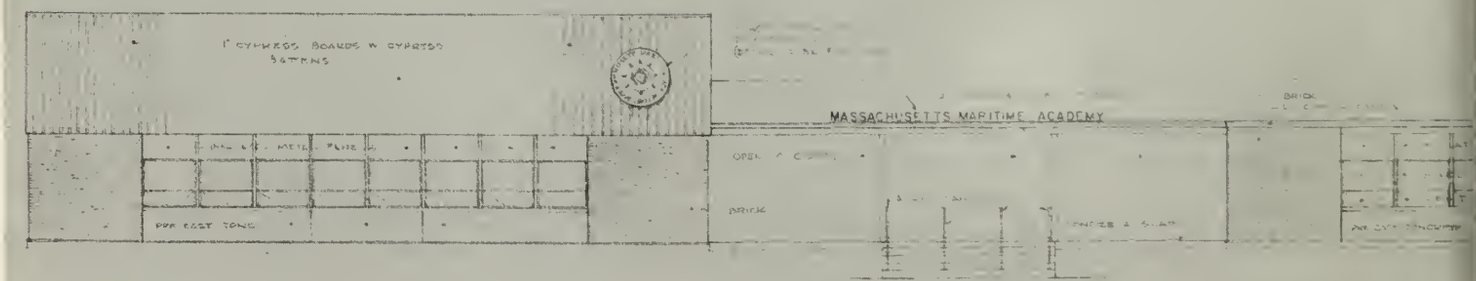
NORTH ELEVATION



WEST ELEVATION

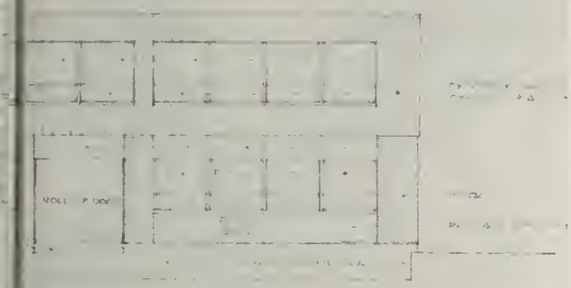


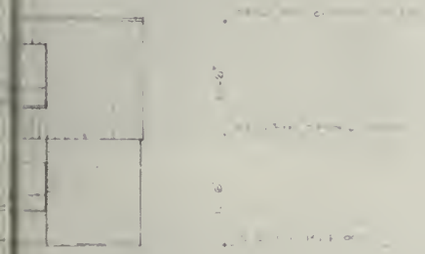
SOUTH ELEVATION



EAST ELEVATION

SCALE 1/8" = 1'-0"





An Inspiration

A FUTURE ACADEMY

At this point in time the Massachusetts Maritime Academy is on the verge of a change. The school-ship era is coming to a close and is giving way to a modern concept of scientific understanding and scholastic excellence. Already the wheels of production are in motion and are generating an expanding learning facility. High caliber, competent, and educated seamen are required to meet the demands of a modern merchant marine and this will be the goal of the new Academy. It will be equipped to train young men in the humanities, as well as producing highly competent seamen qualified to take our ships to sea. The modern shipping industry requires open minds and men who are qualified to accept positions of leadership in the industry. The industry must operate with a high degree of efficiency and must be ready to adapt to new concepts in future operations. The goal of the future academy will be to provide needed personnel. Adequate buildings, laboratories, dormatories, classrooms, and recreational facilities are soon to be constructed at the existing location. A more intensified and complete program of study is under development. The long popular idea of wooden ships and iron men has given way to iron ships and competent sailors; but this will soon give way to the idea of modern ships and progressive leaders. All of this fresh planning and organization is aimed toward producing the best qualified nautical personnel for our future merchant marine as well as toward the development of educated and well rounded citizens.

Captain John G. Stein, U.S.M.S.
Commandant of Cadets

This year in which you are graduating is a particularly auspicious one, the seventy-fifth Anniversary of the establishment of this Academy. You now join a long line of men "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters," who for three-quarters of a century have been a part of the American heritage.

We have been shipmates for a short voyage. During this period we have managed to only slightly chip away some of the scale. However, here and there some bright metal is showing through. With the help of the Midshipmen to follow we shall be able to prevent the bright-work from tarnishing and further the gains made.

The voyage ahead will be against the tide, however as in all such situations the strength lessens and eventually we have slack water.

We shall continue to strive to increase the scope of our activities. In addition to the planned physical facilities, I would expect that there will be opportunities for greater participation in athletics, social affairs and other areas in which students may fulfill their interests and abilities.

We should strive to be recognized in extra-curricular

activities to help us gain the prestige and status that rightfully belongs to an institution such as this.

Obtaining a license as Third Mate or Engineer is not enough. Leadership must be emphasized in our program in order that our graduates may ascend to positions of command and management. Competence, understanding and character are most important traits. Learning, together with participation in activities of interest will help develop our students into leaders. Graduates attaining high positions will cast an aura of competency on the Academy, as will the developing of leaders reflect on our graduates.

During the long night watches you may reflect upon your days at the Academy, and when you become settled you should remember that only through the efforts of the Academy have you gained so much. Therefore as Alumni you should help in whatever way possible for you. As the Academy grows in stature and prestige, so will all of those who have passed through.

Admiral Mahan wrote, "Historically, good men with poor ships are better than poor men with good ships."

May you all make good a true course...

John G. Stein

Nautical Science

CAPT. Richard T. Rounds USNR
Meteorology Instructor
Commanding Officer

CAPT. Louis A. Woodland USNR
Ships Construction Instructor
Executive Officer

CDR. William J. Connors USNR
Navigation & Rules of the Road
Instructor
Navigation Division Officer

Cargo class with Mr. Page.

LCDR. Lucian T. Page USMS
Seamanship, Cargo and
Rules & Regulations Instructor
Third Division Officer

LCDR. Paul G. Hirst USMS
Admiralty Law Instructor
First Lieutenant

LCDR. Alan McNaughton USNR
Communications Instructor
Second Division Officer

Navigation class with Commander Connors.

Marine and Electrical Engineering

CAPT. James M. Murray USNR
Thermo Dynamics & Steam Engines
Instructor
Chief Engineer

LCDR. Fredrick H.G. Wright USNR
Boilers & Property Materials
Instructor
Boiler Division Officer

CDR. William Hemmerly USNR
Electricity & Refrigeration
Instructor
Electrical Division Officer

East coast blacks out . . . Bay State continues to shine.

LCDR. Harold C. Pratt USN (Ret.)
Radio Electronics Instructor
Assistant Division Officer

LCDR. James D. Crosby USNR
Diesel Instructor
Auxiliary Division Officer

LT. William R. Hendy USNR
Physics & Chemistry Instructor
Assistant Division Officer

W. L. LaCasse, Jr. and Lt. Mario Tonello

LT. Mario Tonello USMS
Machinery Division Officer

William L. LaCasse
Shop Theory Instructor
Machinist
Assistant Division Officer

LT. Angus E. MacLeod USMS
Shop Theory Instructor
Assistant Division Officer

Charles Maynard
Electrician

Academics

CDR. John M. Cease USN (Ret.)
Mathematics Instructor
Admissions Officer

LT. F. L. Dixon Yard USMS
Foreign Language Instructor
Assistant Division Officer

LT. Thomas F. Dorsey USMS
Social Science Instructor
First Division Officer

LCDR. Walter J. Eno USNR
English Literature & Composition Instructor
Assistant Division Officer

Life boat exam

Physics Class

CAPT. Dr. W. E. Dawson USNR
Ship's Surgeon

LCDR. Alvin Anteen USMS
Supply Officer

Medical and Supply Departments

Sick Call

Mr. Walter A. Kent
Radio Operator

Anthony P. Tassanari
First Aid Instructor
Pharmacist

Naval Science Department

LCDR. Harold C. Morse USN
Director of Naval Science Dept.

THE MISSION

The mission of the Naval Science Department stems from the National Defense requirement and is primarily to train the Massachusetts Maritime Academy Midshipmen by conducting Naval Science courses in order that they, as prospective Merchant Marine Officers, may have some knowledge of naval procedure and further enhance their usefulness in the Merchant Marine while operating with Naval vessels in time of war.

The secondary mission is to provide those students who may pursue a Naval career with a background in naval procedure. The Secretary of the Navy is continuing his unswerving support, maintenance, and assistance wherever possible in areas, particularly with respect to future officers of the Merchant Marine, that will promote a strong Merchant Marine, fully recognizing the importance of the Merchant Marine to our great maritime nation. It follows that the primary responsibility for the Merchant Marine properly remains fixed with the Secretary of Commerce.

The Naval Science Department accomplishes the above mission through officers and highly trained enlisted men as Instructors who provide the students with a well-rounded course each semester either in Orientation, Naval Weapons, Naval History, Leadership, Operations or other courses whose path eventually leads to a commission as Ensign in the U. S. Naval Reserve.

This article would be lacking if Friday afternoon drill were not mentioned, although maybe some would rather forget it!!!

TRAINING

Perhaps the least understood aspect of a Midshipman's education in a Merchant Marine Academy is his Naval Science training. Why should an aspiring Merchant Marine officer find himself involved with the Navy? True that a Naval Reserve Commission will satisfy one's service obligation while he is engaged with the Merchant Marine, but this is only one facet of the relationship.

It is difficult while at the Academy for the Middy to realize the parallel role that the Navy and the Merchant Marine have played in the past, and will in the future. In the years to come the world situation will bind the two more tightly together as the importance of keeping materials on the move—the art of logistics—becomes paramount to modern life.

A primary function of the Navy is to keep our shipping lanes, over which the lifeblood of commerce flows, open in spite of war or other national emergency. This requires close cooperation to ensure success, and the Merchant Marine officer will find himself involved in convoy, ship routing, and other tactical relations with the Navy, where all the knowledge he possesses of the Navy, and its operation, will be vital to the success of the missions.

Finally, an officer is an officer whether he finds himself on a cruiser or a freighter, and neither career has any favorites. The mission of the naval science course is primarily to develop desirable qualities in its students, such as discipline, leadership, and morale which are very much appreciated on any ship on any ocean.

Developing Discipline, Leadership, and Morale

The Battalion Review

LT. R. J. Peirce USNR
Asst. Department Head
Naval Tactics & Leadership
Instructor

LT. J. J. Jensen USNR
Naval Orientation & History
Instructor

FTC W. F. Brooks USN
Naval Weapons Instructor

GMGC M. L. Sidell USN
Naval Weapons Instructor

Naval Science Department

YFC E. F. Slusarski USN
Administrative Assistant

Staff

Chief Coghlan is our ship's principal clerk and Captain Stein's secretary. As the one who makes out the liberty list, he is constantly being asked, "Say Chief, am I getting off this weekend?" No matter how many middies ask this and other questions, he never gets ruffled. He calmly digs down into the piles of papers on his desk to find the answers. Thanks Chief, you've helped to spare us the suspense of waiting for those official notices to be posted.

Our Master-at-Arms, Chief Sacht, begins the day for us with the words, "Alright geddup. I don't wanna see ya in those racks again." From here his quiet but firm manner keeps us from getting into trouble. We all owe him a great debt, for his fine example of leadership will be of great value to us in our careers as ship's officers.

Ronald G. Coghlan
Principal Clerk

Chief Sacht
Master-at-Arms

Mrs. Sprague
Librarian

Sea. Alden, Sea. Ripley, Rpmn. Raymond, Rpmn. Selfe

C. J. Reynolds, W. M. Lima, E. Figueiredo, R. J. Sullivan, J. W. Fonseca, D. A. Bassett

Farewell . . .

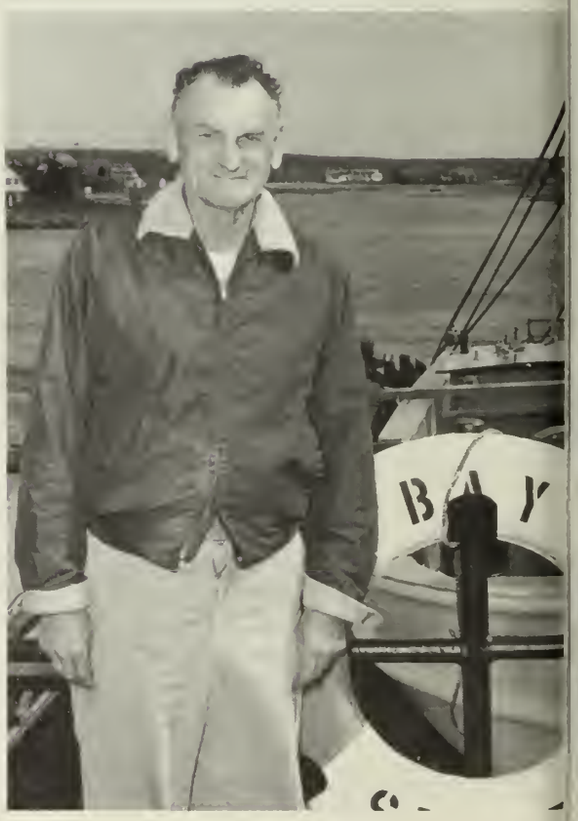
At almost every meal, Dalwin Pollock "Pelly" could be found behind the steam table laughing, joking, and serving the chow. We will always remember "hello ole pal" and "so long boys".

Ernest Stewart "Bobby-Jobbie" has led quite an active life. Just about any hour of the day, Bobby could be found in the store. He didn't have to be there but he was.

The academy knew them as fine, hard-working crewmen but we knew them as fine old shipmates. So to Bobby and Pelly we wish the best of luck and smooth sailing.

Mr. Ernest Stewart

A day to remember. Dalwin Pollock and Ernest Stewart piped ashore for the last time.



Mr. Dalwin Pollock

Admissions

CDR. John M. Cease, USN (Ret.)
Admissions Officer

The Massachusetts Maritime Academy, formerly the Massachusetts Nautical School, founded in 1891, became the eleventh state college, within the Division of State Colleges, in June of 1964.

The mission of the Academy is the education and training of young men of good moral character, education and physical fitness to prepare themselves for a course as officers in the United States Merchant Marine, and as a source of officers for the U. S. Naval Reserve. Only young men of rugged physique, determined in their desire for a seafaring life and in its associated industries, and amenable to strict discipline should apply for admission.

The courses offered in the Academy are of college level. Diligent study and application in both academic and practical work lead to the award of a Bachelor of Science Degree, preparation to qualify for a Merchant Marine officer's license before the U. S. Coast Guard examiners, and the application for a commission as Ensign, U. S. Naval Reserves.

The Navy Department maintains at the Academy a competent staff of instructors to provide Naval Science instruction in order to qualify for a Naval Reserve commission after graduation.

Having met the prescribed physical requirements, the new student is enrolled as a Merchant Marine Student, U. S. Maritime Services, and designated as Midshipman.

As presently constituted, the Academy offers each appointee an opportunity to acquire an excellent academic background and the necessary professional knowledge and skills that will qualify him for licensing as an Officer in the United States Merchant Marine and for a commission as an Ensign in the United States Naval Reserve. He may, through proper application of his education and performance in his service, achieve to the top positions of Master and Chief Engineer afloat in ships of any tonnage. With sufficient sea experience he may also qualify himself for positions ashore associated with the maritime industries.

Mrs. E. Johnson, Miss K. Robbins, Mrs. D. O'Hare, Mrs. J. Keating, Miss E. Cronin, Mr. K. Hartford

The Mission . . .

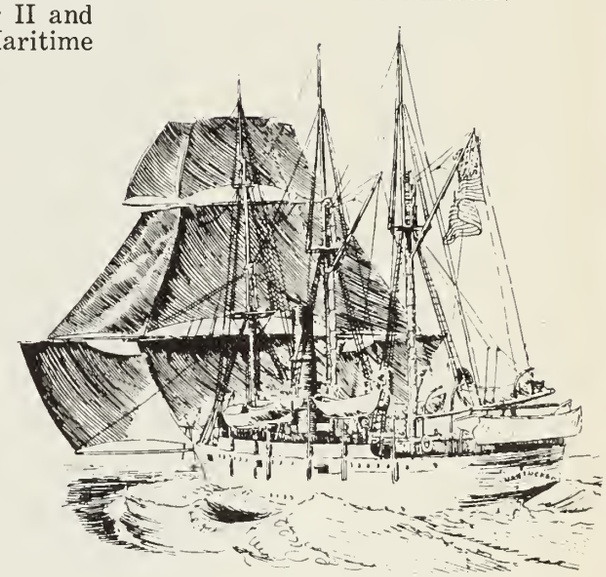
The main function of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy is to prepare young men to sail the ships of the American Merchant Marine as licensed officers. This is accomplished in three intensive years of study and preparation. The new midshipman undergoes a rigorous indoctrination and finds himself in a new environment. He must adapt to this new way of life quickly for there is much to learn. The course of study during the first year is basically mathematics, science, language, and economics. The so called professional studies commence during the second year together with added liberal arts courses. It is at this point that the cadet decides whether to be an engineer or a deckman. Which ever course he chooses he must devote his attention to what is to be learned. The deck midshipmen specialize in navigation, seamanship, spherical trigonometry, and other various nautical science courses. The engine cadets begin their study of marine engineering, calculus electricity, turbines, boilers, and various other associated subjects. The first class year is devoted to even more advanced professional study. Deckmen continue with the study of celestial navigation, piloting, cargo handling, maritime law, etc. The engineers study steam and diesel marine plant operation, nuclear power, electronics, etc. At the end of the first class year the graduating class is eligible to sit for a Coast Guard license as Third Mate or Third Assistant Engineer, receive a Bachelor of Science Degree in Nautical Science or Marine and Electrical Engineering, and a Commission as Ensign in the United States Naval Reserve. Massachusetts Maritime graduates are in great demand throughout the maritime industry because they are best qualified to do the job.

The Training Ship

The training ship has always been an integral part of Massachusetts Maritime Academy training. The first such training ship was the "Enterprise" put into service as a training ship in 1893. She was a wooden hulled, bark rigged, steam vessel. From this point Massachusetts Maritime Academy's reputation for having a greater percent of its graduates pursue a nautical career than any other academy began to grow.

In 1909 the "Enterprise" was replaced by the "Ranger", later renamed the "Rockport" and saw service as a coastal patrol vessel during World War One. Following WW I she was christened "Nantucket" and served until June 1949, when the academy was moved to its present location at Buzzards Bay. The gunboat "Charleston" then became the next training ship. This was the first all steel steamship to be used as a training vessel. The "Charleston" served until 1957 when the "U.S.S. Doyen" was taken from the moth ball fleet and renamed "U.S.T.S. Bay State". She served in most of the major campaigns in the Pacific during World War II and is still campaigning today as training ship at Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

The Nantucket



"Courtesy of THE RUDDER"

U.S.S. Enterprise

U.S.T.S. Bay State

U.S.S. Charleston

LIFE ABOARD

04-08

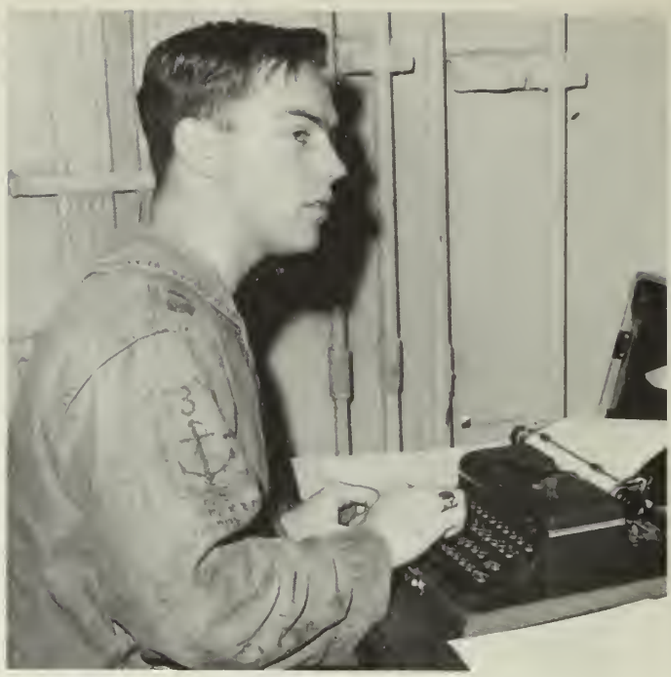
The day starts early for some.
The 04 - 08 watch on deck
and in the engine room
can be one of the loneliest
times of the day.

Heave Out!

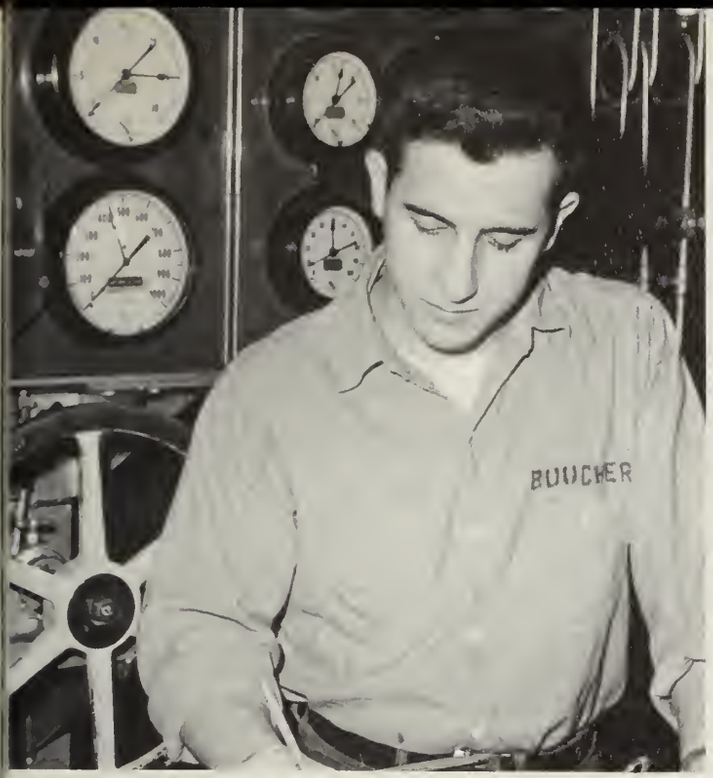
Reveille comes early
and every one is
on the deck
and mustered at 0600.
They say that a sailor
can sleep anywhere.
One soon finds that
to be quite true.

Everyone looks forward to "MESS" call.
After all, who would want to miss this nourishing selection.
Take all you want, but eat all you take — or do you?

Morning formation! — And you want to make it!!
New midshipmen become precision veterans in short order.
This is a warm up
for the days rigorous academic schedule.



Eat there . . . Sleep there . . .
Study there . . . Chip there . . .
Paint there . . . Think there . . .
Play there . . . Stay there . . .
Come there . . . Leave there!!!!



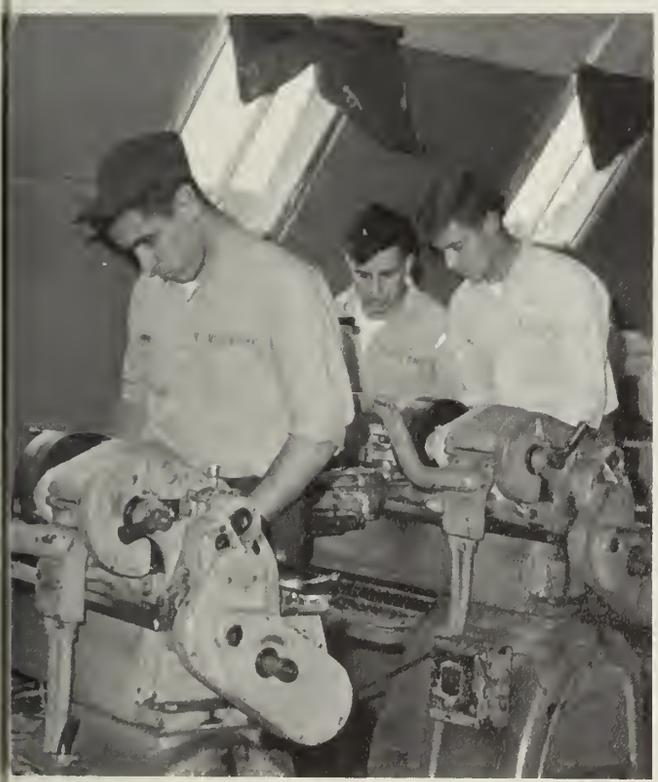
Midshipmen roll up their sleeves
and pitch in when
there's work to be done.
To understand work one
must toil on the bottom,
labor in the middle,
and supervise from the top.

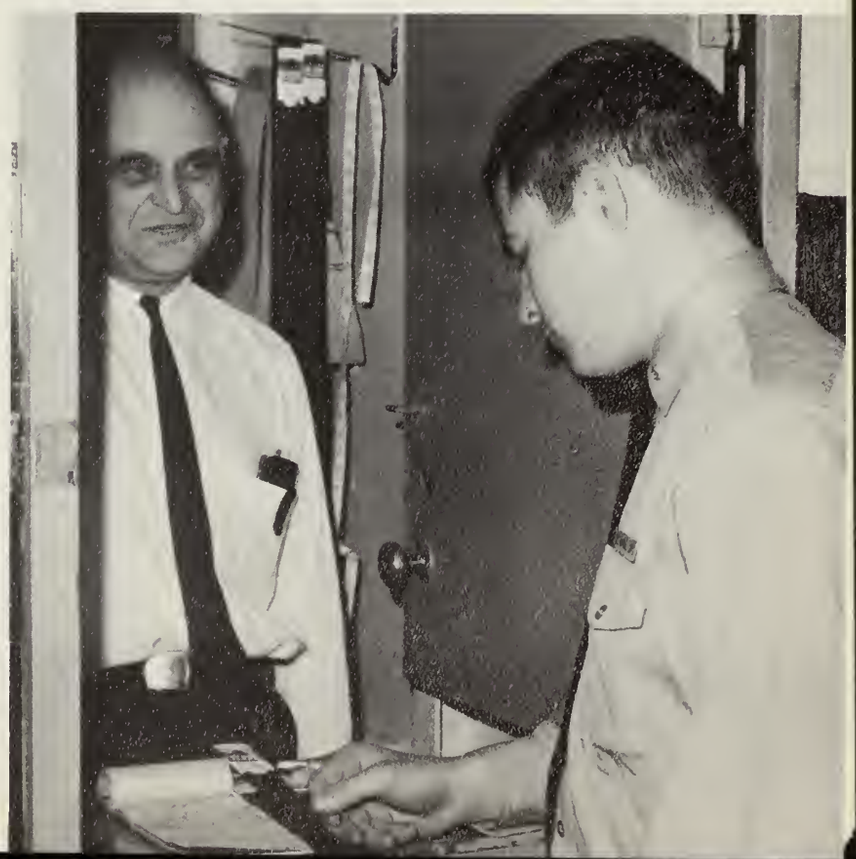
There is much to be learned aboard ship.
The young man learns
that they are clean from bilge to beam,
painted from top to bottom,
and scrubbed from stem to stern . . .
and that's a young man's function.

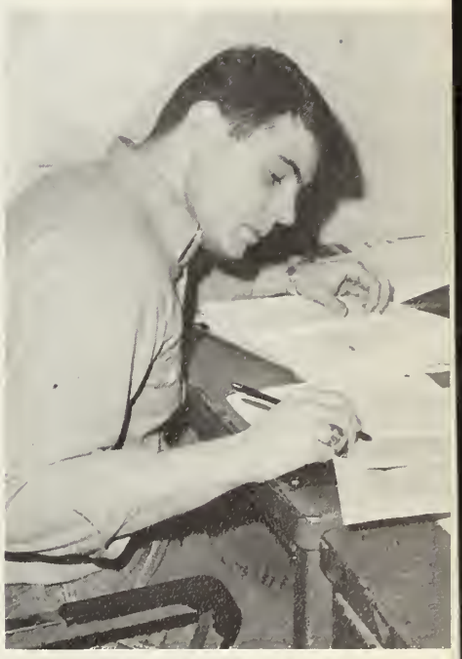
Some learn how to lead
while others learn
how to learn.
Others learn how to live,
but all learn
to be seamen or engine men.

Midshipmen become familiar with new developments and concepts by seeing the equipment first hand on the modern ships of the merchant fleet.

First class engine cadets qualify on the metal lathes. The engineers, upon graduation, are certified to operate any engine, any horse power any size, and both diesel and steam.







End afternoon classes — Light the smoking lamp.
Now is the time to relax, play sports or go ashore for liberty.
Soon it is time for evening studies
and it is time to turn to and study hard.

ACTIVITIES

RING DANCE

On the 12'th night, November 1965, the Ring Dance was held at the Sheraton Plaza. Guests included Lt. Gov. Richardson, Dr. Limouze, Capt. Stein and our advisor, Lt. Yard.

Fumes from the nightly renovation of the ring engulfed many a Deckie as the committee worked on. Serving under Chairman Kevin Riley and Co-chairman Kevin McGill were Tom Brown, Bob McMurray, Dan Doherty, and Ed Tonello.

RING CEREMONY

The dipping of the ring into the mariner's binnacle is a ceremony which symbolizes the marriage of each man to the sea, confirming the true course he is to sail throughout life.

Ring Dance

THE HONOR GUARD

During the course of the evening, a precision exhibition of the Manual At Arms is displayed by the Second Class Honor Guard. Many long hours of practice are sacrificed by the guard for this event.

OUR EVENING

A most momentous occasion was upon us. Our ladies met us under the replica ring symbolized our allegiance to the sea sealed with a kiss. A grand time, lasting memory.

Band and Color

This year was a very successful one for the band. A large turn-out of youngies, along with last year's members, made it the largest band at M.M.A. in recent years. With new players available, it was possible, with the help of Cdr. Cease, to purchase several new and necessary instruments. After a few short weeks of morning concerts along the Canal, our big day arrived. At the inauguration, we had to play in public for the first time. Being used to a sheltered life, we were all quite concerned about the caliber of our performance with people instead of seagulls for an audience. Surprisingly enough, despite our size and lack of experience, we performed quite well.

Our greatest problem this year was that a number of our members were not as proficient with a slide rule as they were with their instruments and gradually our ranks diminished to a select few. There remains a good basis for building next year. We have the instruments and desire for a real band at the Academy. We hope that the third ingredient —talent—will come with the entering class.

Front Row: R. C. Brown, Hall, Anderson, Aubin, Banda, Cdr. Cease. **Second Row**: Barr, Heywood, Bizzozero, Doyle, Milo. **Third Row**: Fortini, Barrett, Adler, Cartmill, Campbell. **Fourth Row**: Crowley, Bechtold, Nadeau, Ahlin, Ilacqua, Barufaldi.

Guard

Newman Club

Under the guidance of the Rev. Francis F. Mahoney, the Newman Club has continued its policy of bi-weekly meetings to discuss important religious and moral issues. In addition the Club had two priests as guest speakers, one from the Sacred Heart Fathers and the other from Maryknoll. Also they have sponsored a fund-raising drive in order to join in the regional conference of Newman Clubs next year. To the Newman Club we send our best wishes for continued success in the future.

Rev. Francis F. Mahoney
Adviser

Front Row: L. Clifford, J. Bizzozero, J. Gibney, S. Nadeau, J. Milo, F. Fortini, P. Begin, E. Boucher, S. Malley, P. Riley, S. Mercadante, S. Broderick, R. Aldred, J. Mello. Second Row: R. Reed, A. Ilacqua, V. Lonergan, J. Canty, B. Hamblet, B. Fife, S. Nelson. Third Row: J. Cole, W. Derby, J. McGrath, H. Chase, R. Janes, L. Welch. Fourth Row: J. Beehtold, T. King, W. Roffey, G. Murphy, W. Deschamps, R. McAlear. Top Row: D. Crowley, L. Sullivan, L. Olderich, R. Anderson, P. Gabrial.

Circle K hosts at dance in Aruba.

Circle K

Under the dynamic leadership of President Tony Ilacqua, The Circle K Club has become an ever growing asset to the school and community.

At the opening meeting on September 2, 1966 thirteen First and Second Classmen elected officers and made plans for the securing of a faculty adviser. Those elected were President Tony Ilacqua, Vice President Kevin McGill, Treasurer Jim Langenback and Secretary John Seiferth. Captain Stein was chosen to be faculty advisor.

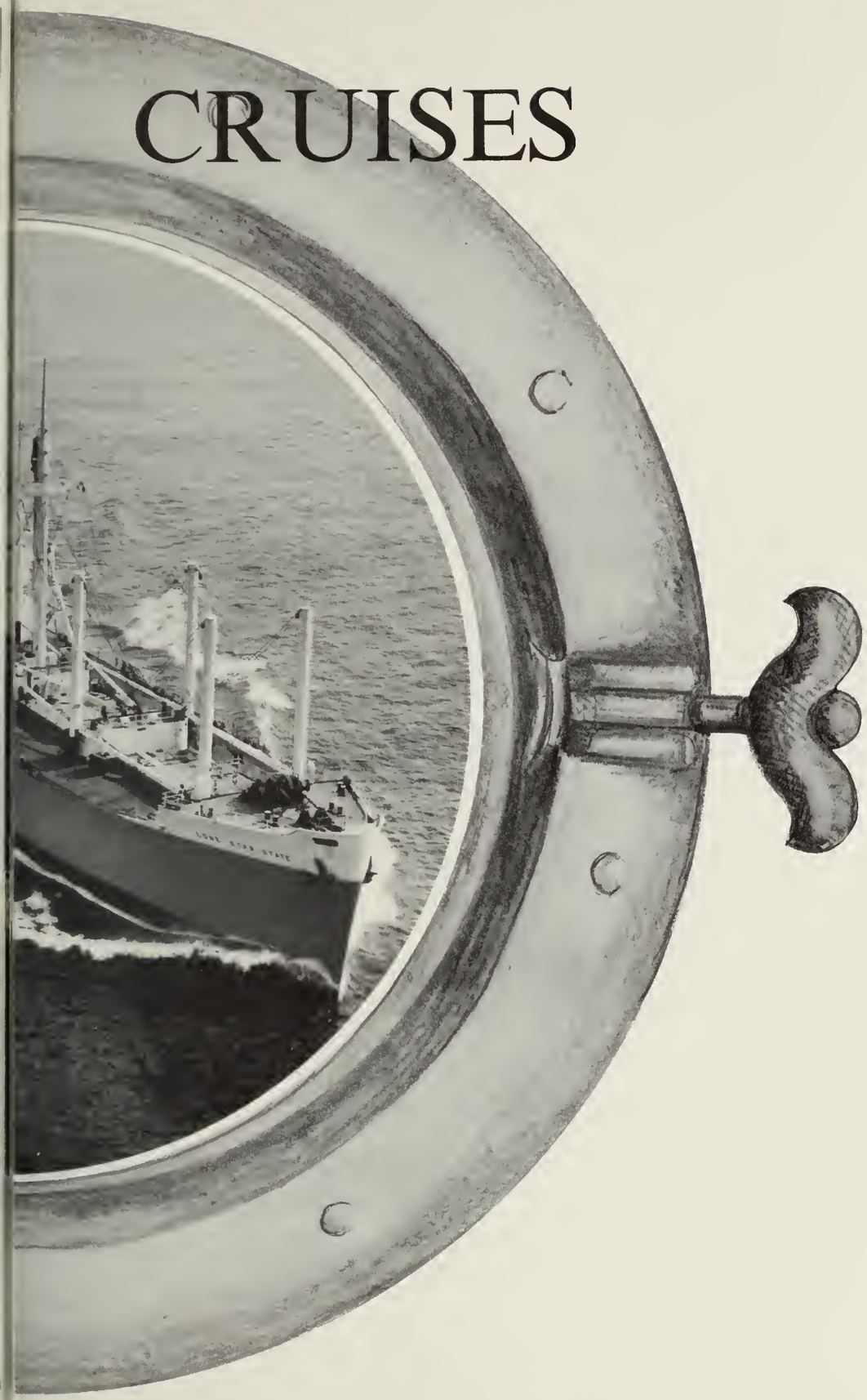
The charter of Massachusetts Maritime Academy states that the club will extend from where the sun rises to where the sun sets.

Through the cooperation of the local Kiwanis, Captain Stein's encouraging support, and the ample spirit of its members, the Massachusetts Maritime Circle K Club is achieving success for the first time in its history.

Front Row, L. to R.: E. Simmons, R. Murry, W. Roffey, F. Fortini, P. Begin, J. Long, T. MacIntyre, Capt. E. Evans. Second Row, L. to R.: J. Fraley, P. Lane, S. Malley, D. Kozik, W. Doherty, K. McGill, A. Ilacqua, J. Langenbach, J. Seiferth. Third Row, L. to R.: R. Anderson, J. Shea, P. Koopman, P. Riley, G. Culbert, W. Penswick, K. Riley, T. McNamara, R. MacAlear, L. Sullivan, L. Welch, Capt. J. Stein.

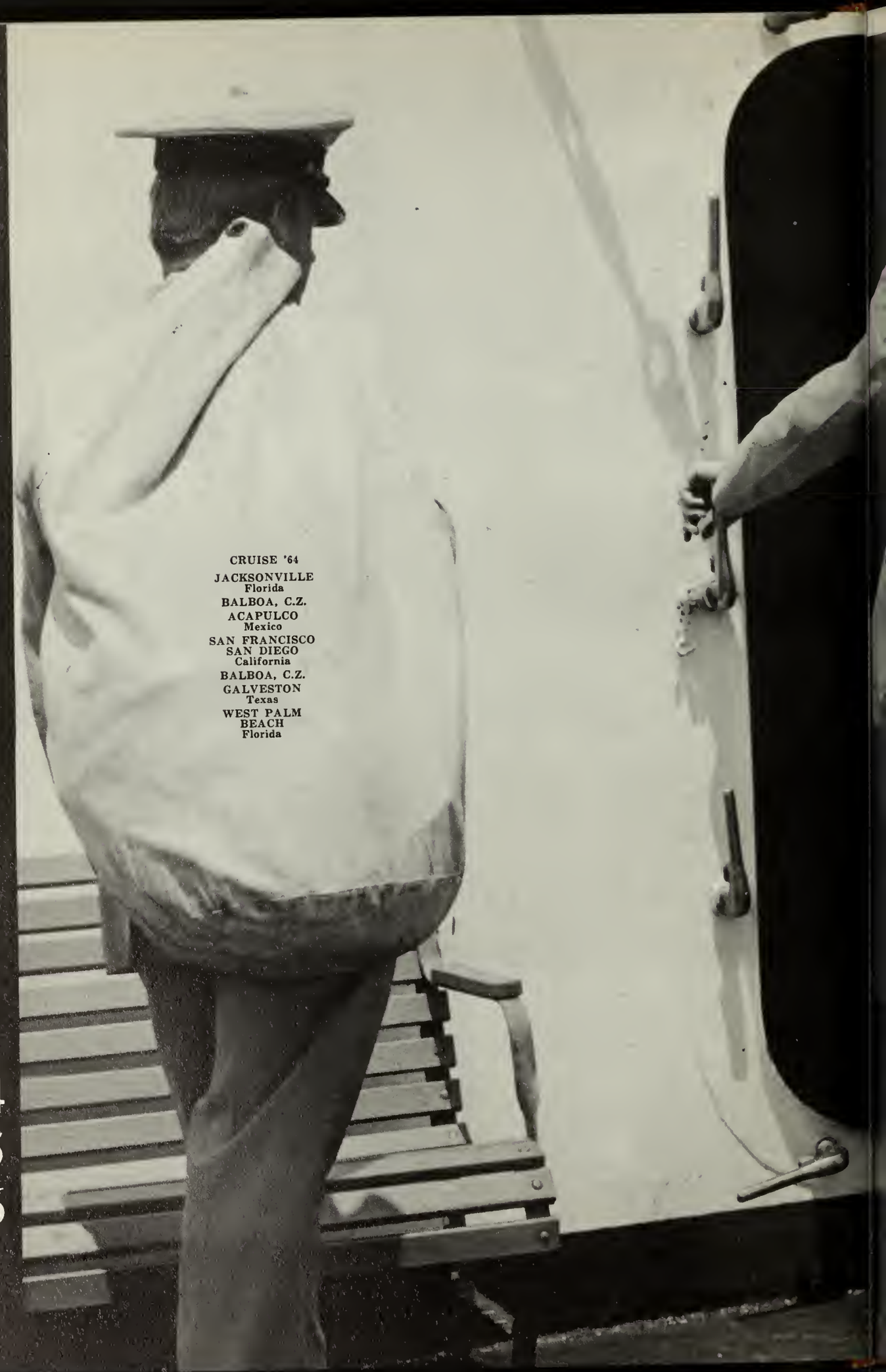
Candid Review . . .

CRUISES

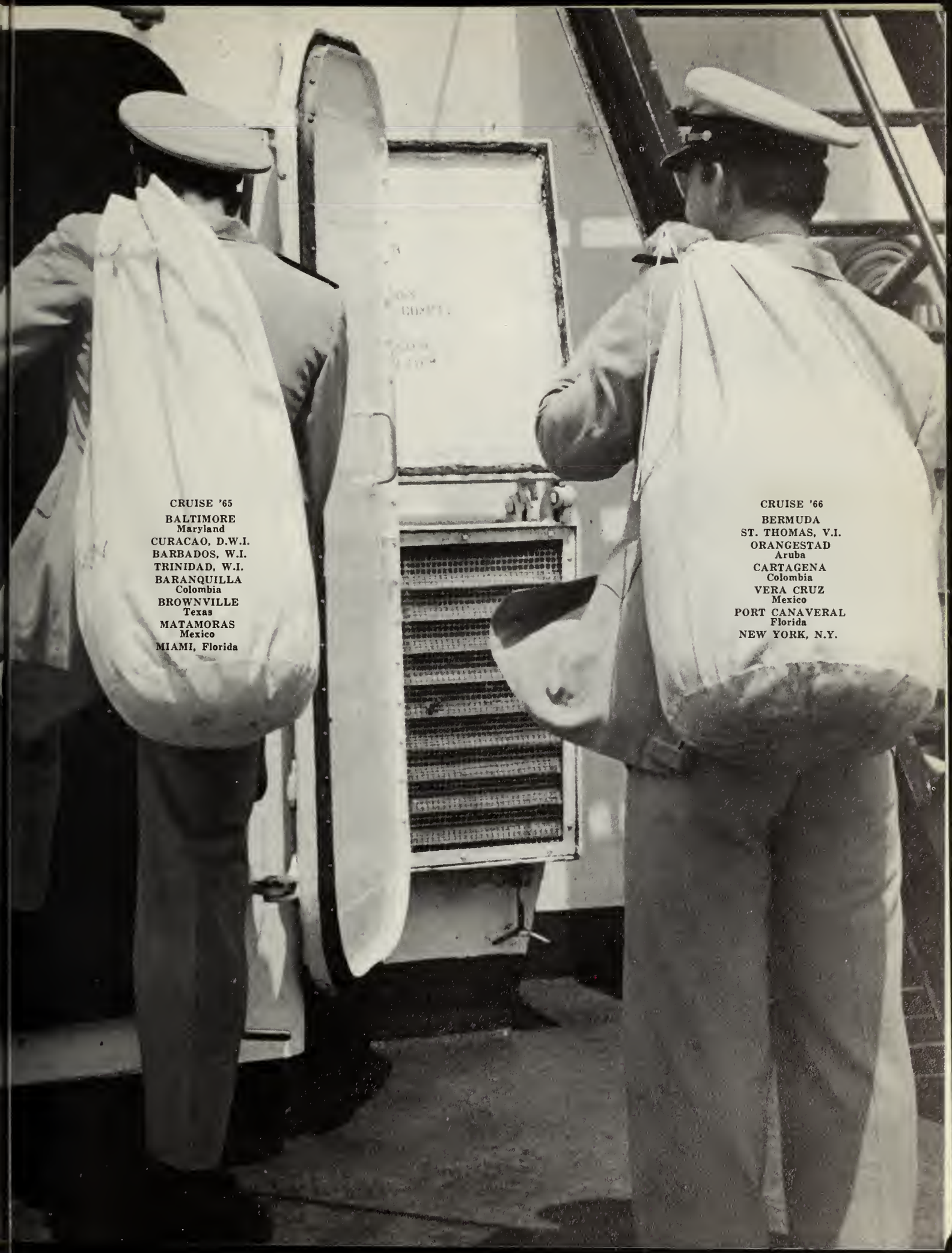


CRUISES

1964
1965
1966



CRUISE '64
JACKSONVILLE
Florida
BALBOA, C.Z.
ACAPULCO
Mexico
SAN FRANCISCO
SAN DIEGO
California
BALBOA, C.Z.
GALVESTON
Texas
WEST PALM
BEACH
Florida



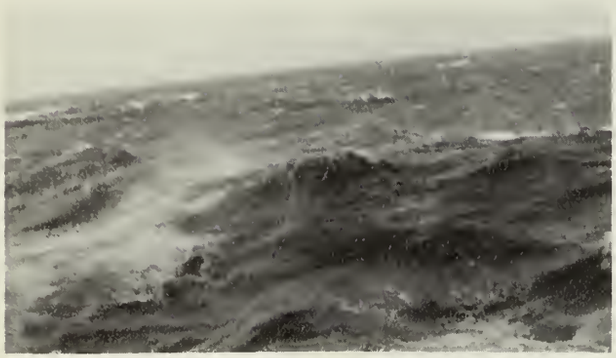
CRUISE '65

BALTIMORE
Maryland
CURACAO, D.W.I.
BARBADOS, W.I.
TRINIDAD, W.I.
BARANQUILLA
Colombia
BROWNVILLE
Texas
MATAMORAS
Mexico
MIAMI, Florida

CRUISE '66

BERMUDA
ST. THOMAS, V.I.
ORANGESTAD
Aruba
CARTAGENA
Colombia
VERA CRUZ
Mexico
PORT CANAVERAL
Florida
NEW YORK, N.Y.

1964 CRUISE



Departure was scheduled for 1000, and by 1130 the Bay State was to be found still made fast to the face of the pier in the midst of a fog bound boat drill. Several short hours later the lines were cast off and we bravely put to sea anxiously looking forward to the days to come. We young men had to grow our sea legs, which was hard for some and easier for others. Our first night at sea found us stumbling and "tooling" as we endeavored to meet both the demands of the sea and the "older men". Then, after successfully adjusting to our new environment, we awoke one morning and found ourselves quietly at anchor under a large bridge in a bend of the St. John's River.

We were to spend approximately two weeks in Jacksonville while the ship underwent minor surgery in drydock. The work techniques of the yard employees never ceased to amaze us as they wandered about with calculating eyes cast on every piece of property that would move. Much of our time was spent watching them while they watched us.

Among our discoveries were Old St. Augustine, Marine Land, and Maine Maritime Academy. While the Bay State was in labor at Rawl's Brothers the State of Maine lay majestically along side a downtown wharf. The USO sponsored a "rival" dance for Maine and Mass. Maritime and the next day they were gone.

In a few days we left also. The Buzzards Bay ambassadors were cutting diagonally across the Caribbean for the Central American trouble spot—Panama.

Our stay was short lived but long to be remembered for we were soon to depart for San Francisco and the Golden Gate Bridge. This run proved to be one of the longest and roughest of the trip as we spent nine days dodging Pacific swells. On the ninth day the weather cleared and we sailed into San Francisco Harbor, past now defunct Alcatraz and to fisherman's wharf. We tied up just astearn of an old sailing lady, the Balclutha. All hands went for "Frisco" in a big way (and vice versa). One might say that it made for good liberty. The town had much to offer to young sailors with its China Town and night life. As all good things eventually come to an end we reluctantly said fare-well to San Francisco and sailed for San Diego.

The transit of the Panama Canal is truly one of the most scenic paths of the world. The adventures began when a canal pilot climbed aboard, the Bay State weighed anchor, and headed for the first set of locks. The gates opened up like large jaws and swallowed the Bay State whole. The ship guided itself through the jungle adorned cuts and gullies while the pilot expressed his views about the modern equipment to be found on the bridge. Soon we reached Gatun Lake where all hands turned to (on each other) in a frolicking fresh water wash down. When hoses were secured, the excitement settled down and on through the jungle to Gillard. On we steamed until we reached the Pacific Ocean. By midnight we were berthed at Fort Rodman. A good time was had by all both in and out of the "zone".

Next to Mexico and the fishing-resort village of Acapulco. This cozy little spot offers just about every aquatic sport and a few not so aquatic sports. Acapulco is famous for its high divers, who plunge into shallow ocean grottos from high cliffs.

1964 CRUISE

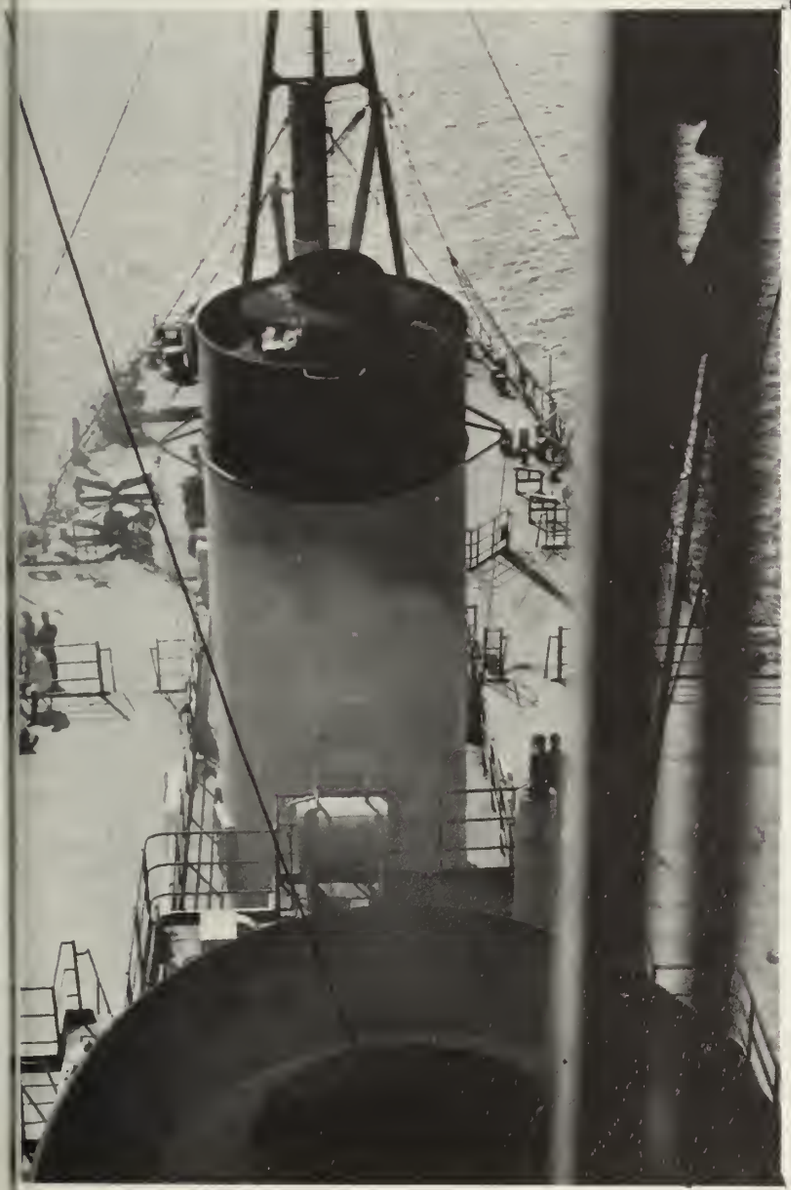
It became apparent to us that we would be in competition with the Navy in San Diego and our convictions were confirmed after a brief encounter with an aircraft carrier on our way into the harbour. If nothing else was established here it was proved that even midgets can be kept behind bars when under the direction of uncanny and resourceful parties. Other interests spread to the four winds, for middies made sojourns as far as Hollywood, Disneyland, Los Angeles, and Tia Juana, Mexico.

Alas we soon said good-by to our new and soon to be forgotten friends for we were returning to Panama and the canal. Soon we were right back where we had been a few weeks before, at Fort Rodman, Panama.

By now thoughts were beginning to turn homeward. The temperature down below in the engine room began to soar. About this time Russ dropped his brush and also began to soar. With arms, flailing he was bodily carried from the pit.

Galveston, Texas was the next stop. Hospitality seemed to just flow from the barrel, so to speak. The middies visited the nuclear powered Savannah, whose home base was in Galveston, and much to our dismay, every thing was found to be very secure and ship shape. When the Falstaff Co. opened its hospitality room to us samples and souvenirs were had by all. As a matter of fact, Pete and Poney wore theirs back to the ship.

With the Bay State at sea once more the routine again settled down, the bennies were had in great number and we were on our way to West Palm Beach—the last stop before heading home. West Palm Beach and Fort Lauderdale offered their beaches for our relaxation. Much of the time was spent tracking and stalking but most paths eventually lead back to the Bay State. These last few days were spent in the sun while it was available, for soon we would be back in the colder weather up north. So, home we headed. The times and trials of the first cruise were just about over and would long be remembered by all. The best sight of all was that first glimpse of Boston Light vessel, for then everyone knew that they were headed for the best port of all — home.



1965 CRUISE

On a beautiful, clear day, just after the 4th of January, 1965, practically on time, we started off on our second job cruise. For six months we had been anxiously awaiting a chance to try out our new knowledge of professional subjects, and at last our chance was at hand. That first run, two days from the gulch to Baltimore, we didn't get to use much of said knowledge as we were too busy, trying to regain our sea-legs, and laughing at the youngies as they attempted to find theirs.

Our travels ranged from a tour of the Maryland Shipbuilding and Drydock Company's yard, to the city of Baltimore, to Washington, D. C., and even to such out of the way places as Frederick (Hood College) Maryland, and College Park (U. of Maryland), Maryland. Many small and interesting places were found, such as the Block in Baltimore, and many a future story will spring from the good times we had there, but none of us were sorry to see the seventeen mile bridge drop below the horizon as we headed South to a warmer climate.

For many of us the idea of regaining a solid footing on Terra Firma far exceeded the delights we anticipated of Baltimore. For those of us who felt differently, while the ship lay strangled by electric light and water lines, compressed air and steam hoses, we breathed deeply of the air of cities which we had not seen before.

For the next few days we had no sight of land, and as we went through the Windward Passage, Cuba, to starboard, and Haiti, to port, looked green and inviting. A trip along the south sides of Haiti and Puerto Rico whetted our appetites for liberty, and when we headed south west for Curacao, our second port, everyone was in a good mood. In four days we raised the island and were soon nestled snugly in the picturesque harbor of Willemstad, Curacao, Netherlands Antilles.

At night they could have taken a check muster at "El Campo Allegro" and not found one hand missing as both the middies and ship's company made it their headquarters for fun and relaxation.

Curacao with its friendly men, and even friendlier women provided many forms of amusement for the middies. During the day there was shopping or sightseeing in Willemstad, or swimming and skindiving in some of the world's most beautiful waters.

However Curacao is a small island and after a few days there everyone was willing to accept a change of scenery. When we pulled out of Willemstad our course was towards the rising sun and after a few days of basking in its rays we arrived at the British Crown Colony of Barbadoes, British West Indies.

As there are no docking facilities there we anchored out and ran our own ferry service which provided quite a few laughs. We took the "ferry" ashore our first night in, to go to a dance celebrating our arrival in this beautiful island, and acting on information garnered from old timers and from people at the dance we moved on from there and invaded the New Yorker Bar, Harry's Nitery and the Accra Beach Club. It was with heavy hearts that we weighed anchor and headed westward towards our next port of call, Trinidad.

After steaming through the Dragon's Mouth and up a bay filled with swimming "tennis balls" we spent a frustrating afternoon and evening anchored off the U. S. Naval Station, Trinidad, BWI. The weather was stifling and when we finally pulled in next morning the men going on liberty all headed for places to cool off. For some, mostly those who had been there before, the first and only stop was the Enlisted Men's Club. For the newcomers, Port Au Prince beckoned, and after a time of wandering along its crowded thoroughfares most of us ended up at the fabulous "Upside Down Hotel", the Trinidad Hilton. Its beautiful swimming pool, magnificent view, luxurious dining room, and cool bars enticed us into spending most of our liberty time, and money, there.

Once again it was good to get back to sea, and on the way up to Barranquilla, Colombia, we hit our first weather which was other than perfect.

It was a salt spray encrusted "Bay State" that glided up the Rio De Orinoco to Barranquilla, but the salt didn't prevent us from joining the locals in celebrating the advent of their carnival season. Never will we forget the all day-night parties, the $0.43 fillet mignon dinners, the trips to visit the Peace Corps members in "retarded" areas, the bartering over the side, or the man with a shotgun awaiting our return.

The winds and seas were still high as we pulled out of the mouth of the Orinoco and swung north towards our first U. S. port, Brownsville, Texas. For a while it didn't look as though we would ever see Brownsville. The winds were so high off the mouth of the Brownsville Ship Canal that the pilot didn't want to risk running the surf in the "Gay State", but "God" finally prevailed, as he always seems to do, and we were eventually secured about six miles outside the city.

No one saw much of Brownsville as all hands lost no time getting out of the U. S. again to see Matamoros, Mexico. Matamoros was where we got most of the souvenirs we were to bring home. The middies were to be see at all hours of the day and night in the marketplace and in the less savory, but more interesting area, Boystown.

Not all of our time in Texas was spent in Mexico, for the Brownsville Chamber of Commerce threw us a Texas style barbeque, to which all hands were invited. If this was to show us the type of barbeque Johnson throws for visiting heads of state, they might as well stay home. Foreign food was better than that, though there are those who insisted that was foreign food.

After several days we scraped our way out of Brownsville and headed towards the tip of Florida and its great city, Miami. Here once again we anchored off for a frustrating night and next morning slipped quietly by some American ships stilled by the shipping strike which paralized the

eastern seaboard as we left Baltimore.

Tying up to a brand new pier in Miami, all hands anxiously awaited the first call to liberty in order that they might slip ashore and perhaps catch a glimpse of the famous personages that make Miami their winter headquarters. Undaunted by their failure to sight any movie stars, the Middies continued to slake their thirst at every available refreshment stand and bask in the last warm sunshine that they were to see for several months, as now we headed north to Boston, home, and leave period.

The last run, from Miami to Boston, was cold, miserable, and cold, as our blood had been thinned out by our two month sojourn in the tropics. But a turn of fate transformed it into the happiest run of the cruise. We pulled into Boston one day early because of an approaching storm and were home in time to celebrate St. Patty's day in Sout'y.

It was with mixed emotions that we left the ship in Boston. We were sorry that our cruise was over and that we would now have to resume the hum-drum life of classes, but we were anxious to be home and glad to be away from the ship and each other for awhile.

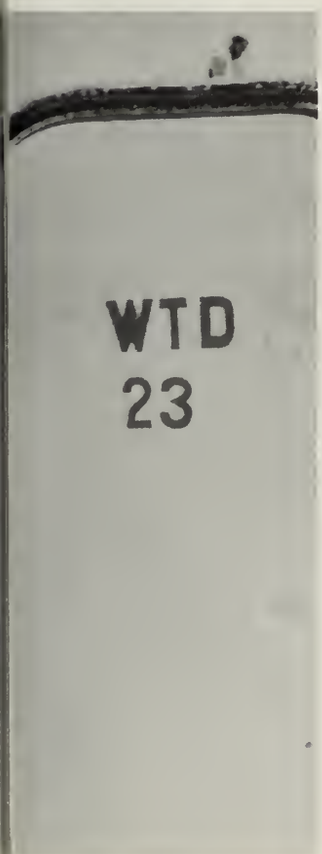
The best part of the ending of our cruise was the knowledge that the next time we put to sea in the T. S. Bay State, we would be Upperjobs. There would be no more long tricks at the wheel or freezing hours on the forecastle, no more frying as fireman or running as oiler. The next time, we'd be calling the shots—we would be upperjobs.

Cruise 1966

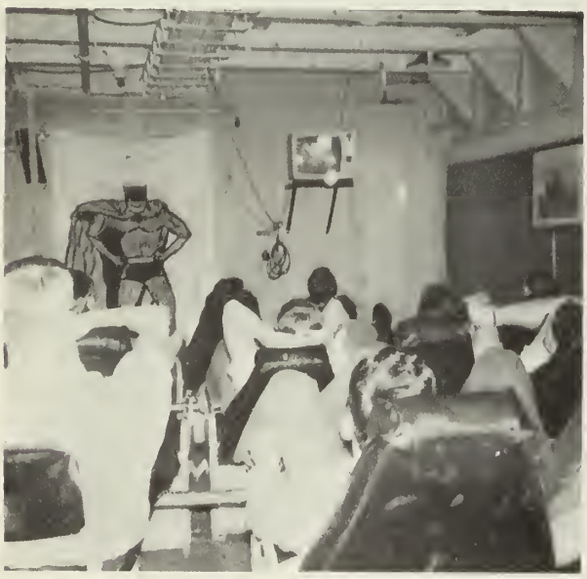
At long last the cruise started and at long last we were sailing as upper-jobs. This was going to be the best cruise yet as it was our last one. The second day out the weather turned warm and the sea turned a limpid blue, for we had entered the Gulf Stream. Soon afterwards the sea began to quicken and, as we were fast approaching Bermuda, the mail buoy lookout was stationed at the windward rail.

After four days out of Buzzards Bay, we sighted Bermuda on the horizon. The Bay State docked at the naval base and as soon as the ship was all secure liberty commenced. As it turned out, Massachusetts Maritime Academy was just in time for College Week festivities. The roads and byways were a constant surge of motor bikes; middies wasted no time in joining the concourse. Most of us steered a direct course for the Elbow Beach Club, where much companionship and diversification was found by all. Everyone was glad to have been in Bermuda during college week. Of course, Ray found the

price of Coke expensive, but then, it all depends upon where you drink it. Soon it became time for the Bay State to depart after four glorious days on her majesty's island. After a harrowing experience while undocking, we eventually made it to the open sea where we turned due south and headed for St. Thomas.


WTD
23

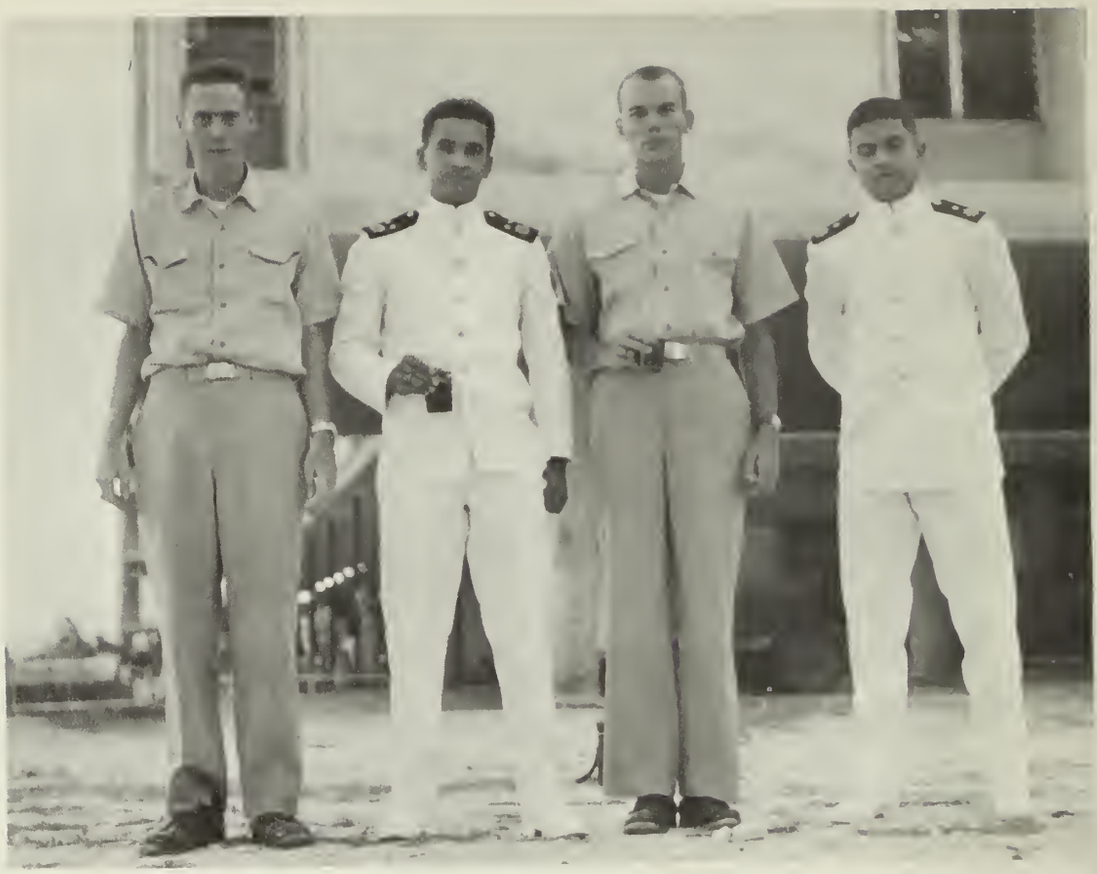
A few days later the Bay State sailed in through the "Virgin Passage," past Sail Rock and came to anchor off St. Thomas. St. Thomas, being an American possession, had the familiar exchange rate, which offered no problem. Prices were reasonable, in fact certain commodities were quite reasonable. The rowing team were soon to find out how hard it is to row if you're an engineer. After all, you don't need an engineer on an oar driven vessel do you? Besides, who will be left aboard to run the liberty launch? We all got a faint inkling as to how life would be during the next several weeks.



Soon we found ourselves at sea again, and after a blazing hot run we arrived in Orangestadt, Aruba. Aruba is part of The Netherlands Antillies so most of the people there are Dutch. The local Kiwanis Club sponsored a dance for the midshipmen and the recreational facilities of the island's hotels were open to all hands. There were many places to go and things to see, such as the Gold Mines, the Bat Caves, the bay of the Sharks, Tanker Town, and visits to the Refinery.

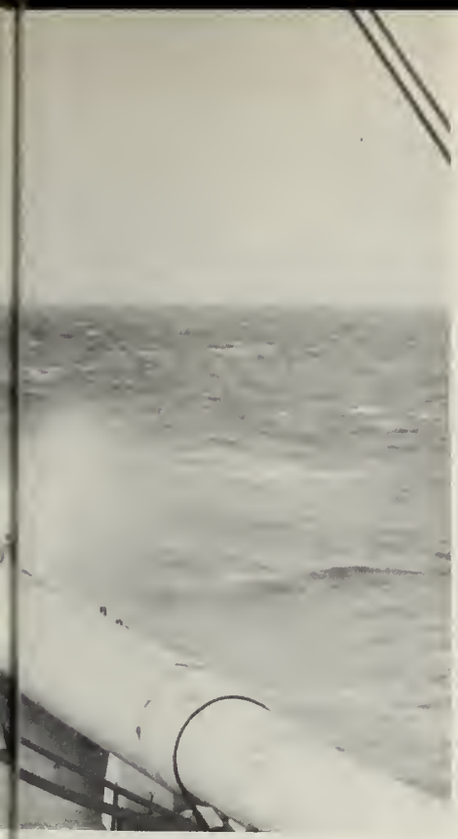
The next port of call on our itinerary was Cartegena, Colombia. Massachusetts Maritime Academy was welcomed as a guest of the Colombian Navy for our entire stay in Colombia. Cartegena is the city where the Spanish gold gallions of yesteryear loaded their cargos of gold destined for Spain, and also the location of the Colombian Naval Academy. Special functions were scheduled in honor of Massachusetts Maritime Academy, including tours of Cartegena and the Naval Academy, receptions, dances, and a pulling boat race between the Colombian Academy and the Massachusetts Academy, which we won by a narrow margin (???). After seeing all of the sights and trading all of the loose gear over the side, we put to sea once more.

Next to sunny Mexico and Vera Cruz. In Vera Cruz we were once again welcomed as guests of a Navy. The midshipmen toured the Mexican Merchant Marine Academy, the Mexican Naval Academy, and the city of Vera Cruz itself. It was here that the rockets and bombs appeared on the scene and where the excitement started. The middies were challenged by the Mexican Maritime Academy to a pulling boat race, so, after a real big, kind hearted release on the engineers, the Massachusetts Maritime crew made short work of the Mexican team despite broken oars and oar locks. The Mexicans made up for this defeat when they played us in soccer and baseball. Everyone had a real good time in Vera Cruz and all were reluctant to leave, but leave we must, and so — off we went.

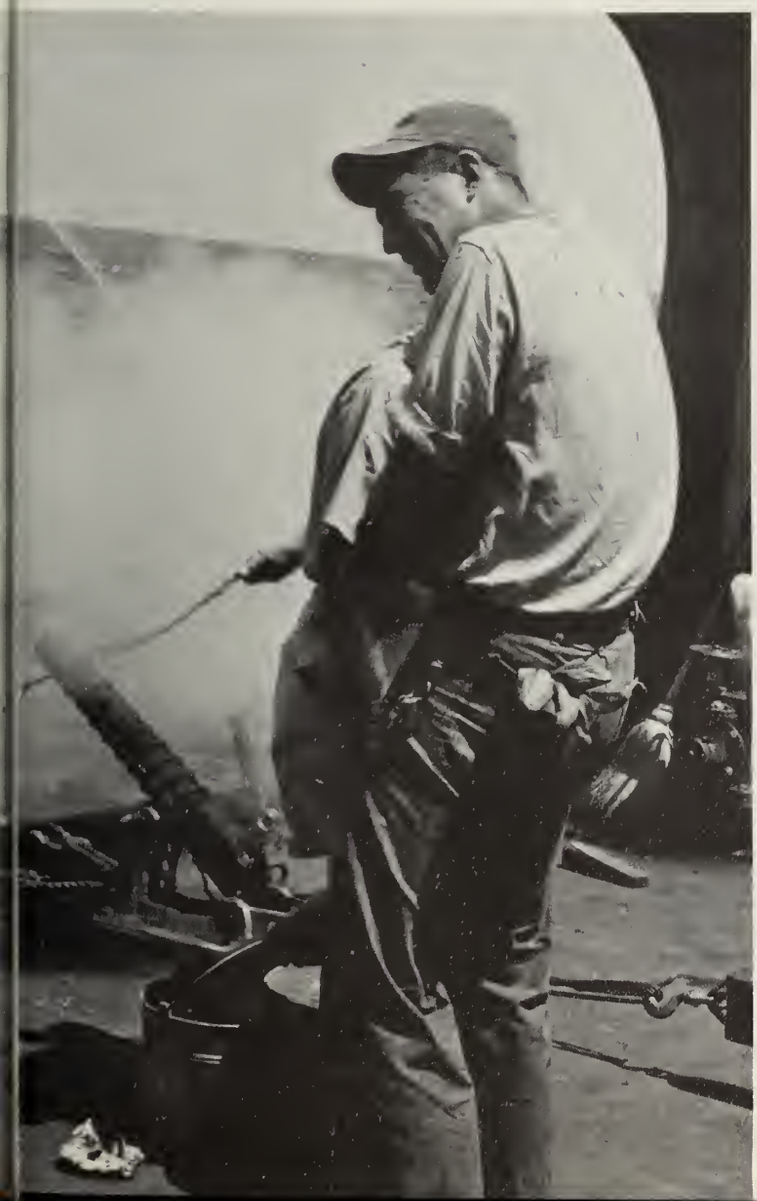


Two days later we made land fall at Dry Tortugas at the lower tip of Florida. We sailed through the Florida Straits with the Gulf Stream due north and before we knew it we were coming along side the fueling piers in Port Canaveral, the sea port to the space port—Cape Kennedy. Canaveral was an especially interesting port of call. All hands were given a more than complete tour of the Cape Kennedy space launch complexes. A Gemini space launch was being prepared at the time so everything seemed to have a special meaning. The Florida chapter of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy Alumni Association took over and saw to it that all midshipmen had a good stay in Port Canaveral. The town of Cocoa Beach sponsored a military ball in honor of the Bay State's finest; every one had fun surf boarding, attending parties and barbeques, or whatever else came riding by (from Mississippi). We all regretfully said goodbye to Port Canaveral and four action packed days, and the Bay State headed for New York and Maritime Day celebration.

Bay State entered New York Harbor on a dark night in a light fog; and the next morning we docked at eighty-sixth street pier in a driving rain. Liberty commenced as soon as all was secured, which suddenly made the ship seem quite deserted. On the third day in port the "State of Maine" arrived and docked at pier eighty-four (next door). Everyone was preparing for the Maritime Day pulling boat race. The next day the Bay State sailed from New York Harbor, up the East River to King's Point in Long Island Sound to attend the race. The big day came, the race began, and a mile later the race was won — by King's Point with Massachusetts Maritime Academy fourth.



It now came time to head for home. The anchor was heaved up and the course was set for our very last run as midshipmen for the next time we sail forth it would be as mate or engineer. This was the best run of all yet it seemed the longest, although it only lasted a few hours. At fourteen hundred hours the Bay State came alongside the State Pier at Buzzards Bay, made fast in her berth and it was over. The nineteen hundred sixty-six training cruise had come to an end. The first class made its last liberty formation, mustered out, checked ashore, and what is written is history.



THE GRADUATES

THE ENGINEERING

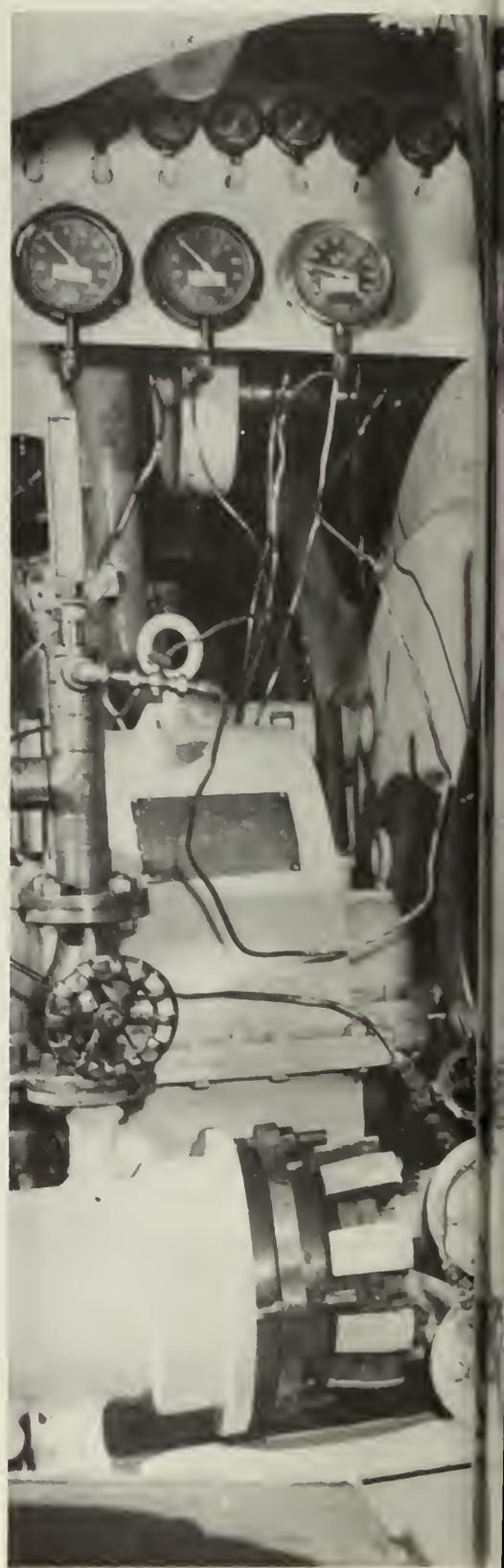
Introducing the engineering department is not the most simple thing to do. But I feel that, in order to do it justice, a description of its instruction format is in order.

The graduates of the engineering department have been in the past and will be in the future competent marine engineers. This can be attributed to the excellent instruction received by the cadets in the classroom and on board the vessel. The cadets are instructed by officers who possess a comprehensive background in subjects which they teach and are therefore capable of giving the midshipman a good practical education in marine engineering.

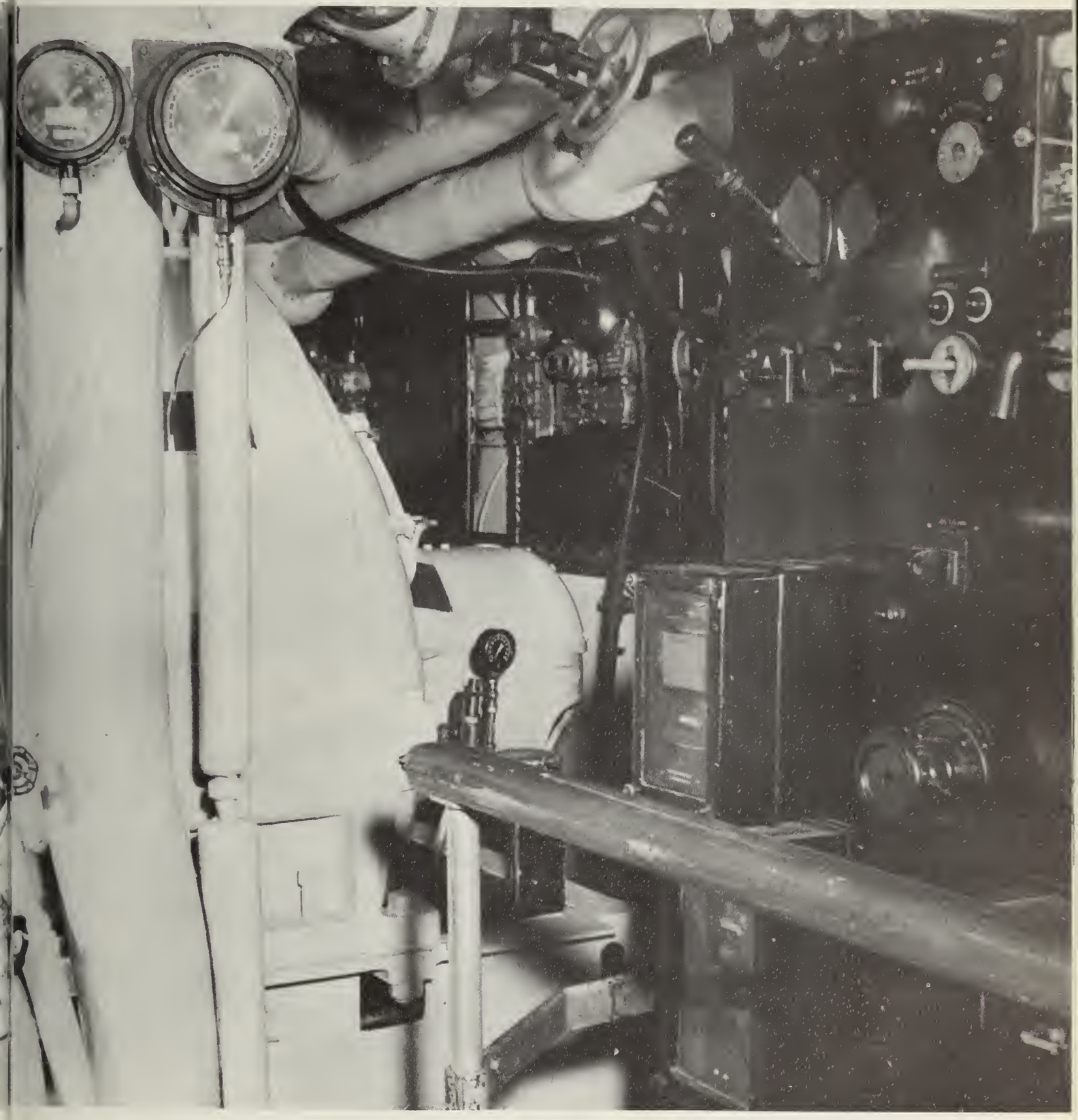
As well as the classroom instruction the midshipman receive training on annual training cruise. It is at this time that the midshipmen are afforded the opportunity to apply, in actual practice, what they have learned in the classroom. The training cruise also gives the midshipmen the opportunity to travel to foreign lands as they will do in the merchant service.

With the completion of this introduction you will be left free to thumb through the following pages to get an idea of how the engineering department is organized.

Peter Maitland
Battalion Commander



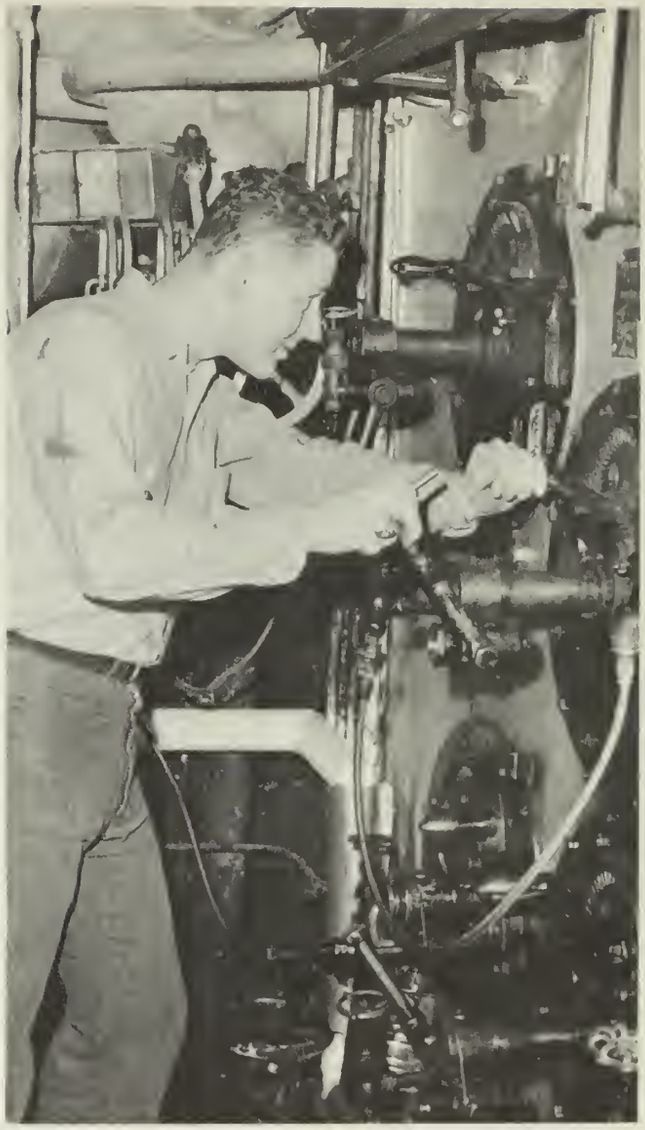
DIVISION



WATCH 1

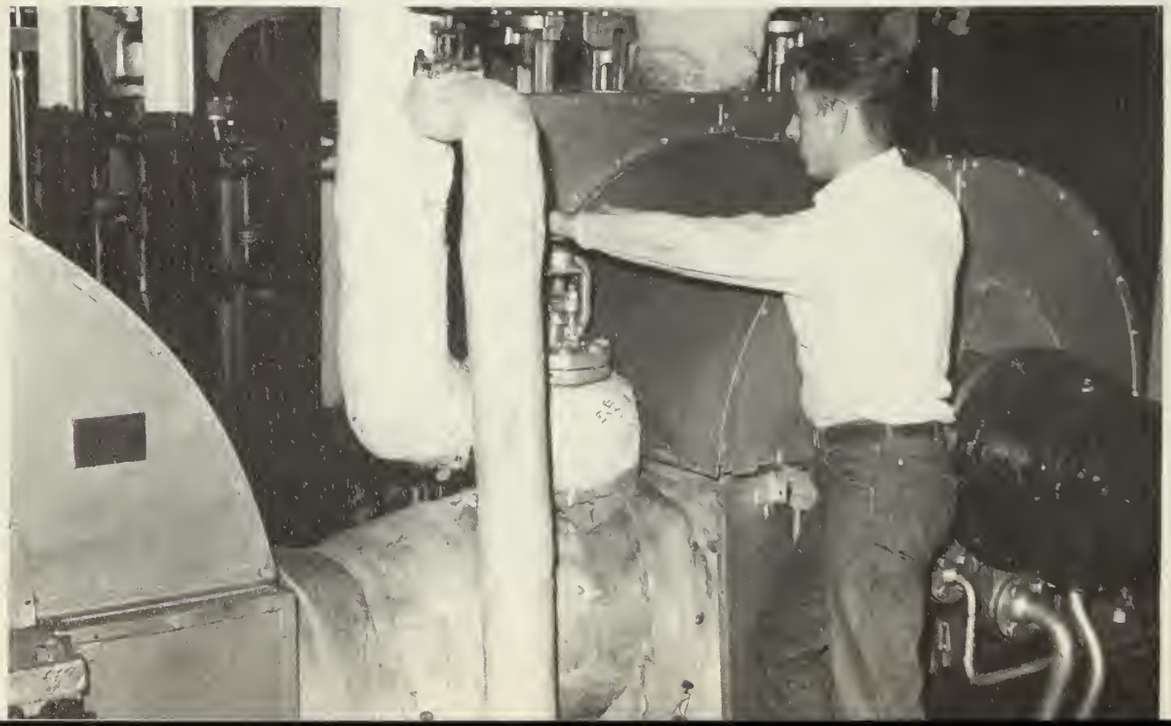
BOILER DIVISION

"You did it again, Carl, there's no burner there."



The Lurc . . . oops, I mean our leader.

This is the most work he's done all year.

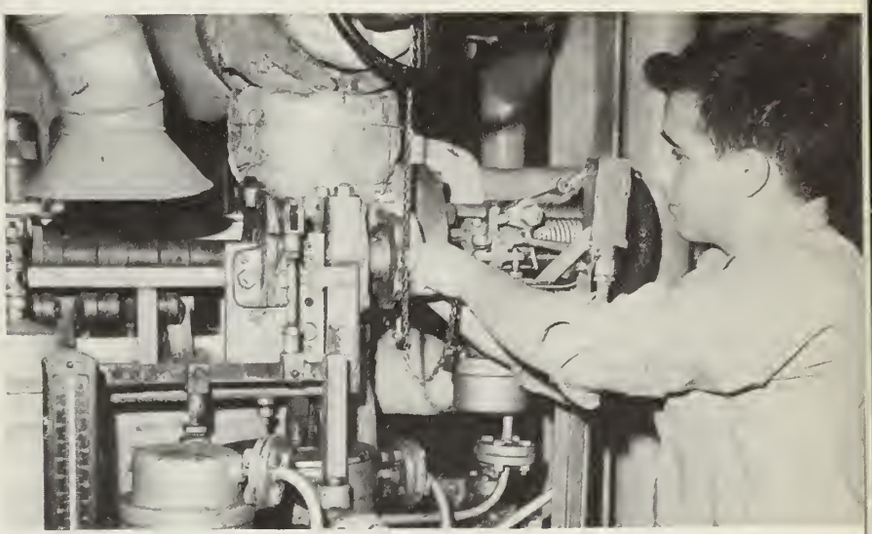


Watch I, under the able leadership of our Cadet Officers, Tom Cunniff and Jack Ricardo and the guidance of Lcdr. Wright and Bill LaCasse, has brought to a close another successful year.

All the men in the Boiler division wish to extend our thanks to Mr. Wright and Mr. LaCasse for being so indulgent with us for the past year and also for the knowledge they have given us which will stand us in good stead in the U. S. merchant fleet.

So wishing good luck in the license exams to the future Watch I boys, we, "Wright's Warriors" of '66, bid farewell.

I told him there was no pressure, then he says ——



Just a little more, Ed, and it will never run again.

L-R: C. Kenny, M. Kuchlewski, R. McMurray, P. Maitland, J. Ricardo.

WATCH 2

MACHINERY DIVISION

Looking to the group picture, you will see a gang known as "Mario's Angels". These men, though not angels, are a great bunch of shipmates and friends.

Led by Charlie Thayer and Paul Barra, they have worked very little for Mr. Tonello. This can be attributed to the effect of Tom, Dana and Paul who were not the most ambitious men at the Academy.

But all kidding aside, the entire complement of Watch II would like to thank all parties concerned for their aide and assistance during the past year.

That's a good trick when you are tied to the dock.

Oh, hi there Chief.

They tell me this is good experience.

It was love at first sight.

"Let me tell you what I did in Barranquilla."

L-R: P. Boussy, D. Winroth, F. Green, Mr. Tonnello, P. Barra, C. Thayer, T. Brown.

"Ya Sure That's Right" will remain in the minds of all who tread through Central Control. For it is the cry of our fearless leader, Hanka Chief. The noise is all that can be heard from behind the cloud of the Snapper's pipe smoke.

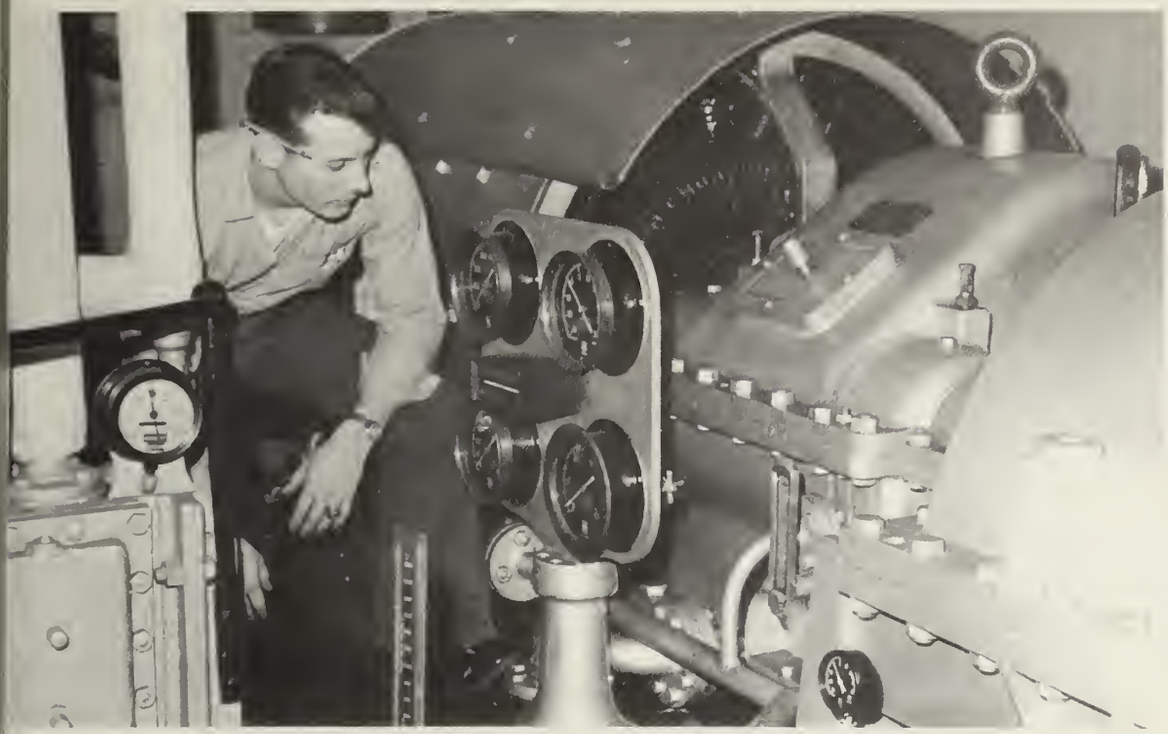
Through the past few years, Harold's Showroom has been the hangout of many well known persons. GLUCK, our fearless leader, who had a sharp eye out for those sleeping on watch. Dick, whose musical notes harmonized with the hum of the turbine but whose voice charmed the aux feed pump. Al, pal to many a second and third classman, not doing much about anything but grooming Archie for the big four. (Only two?) What happened, Al?

Also, remember the Beach Ball who, in his spare time, would engage in a game of WhoPa. Not as a player . . . the ball.

"Gee, they all look alike."

"And furthermore, I'm active in inter-mural sports."

"Hey, Mr. Hemmerly, what's this?" "How come your shoes wear out? Why does the canal keep running? Yeah, Sure, Okay."



Watch III men must keep a close eye on the generator.

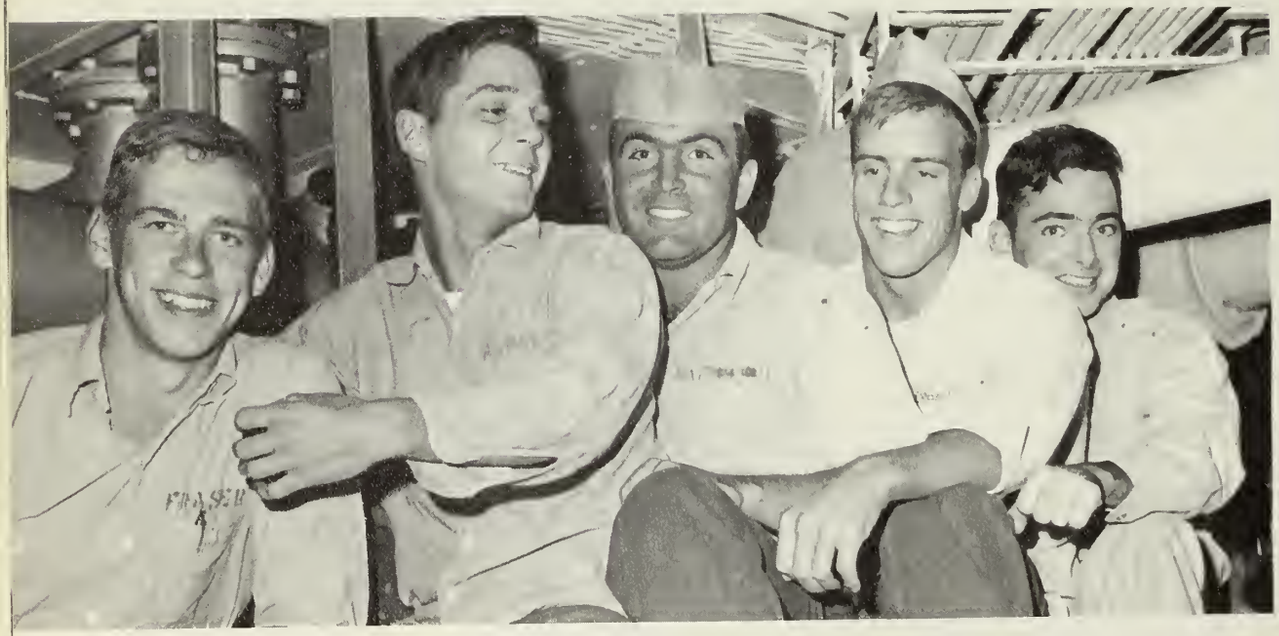
"And when it rolls she wiggles."

L-R: P. Maitland, R. McMurray, M. Kuchlewski, P. Fraser, F. Heywood.

WATCH 4

AUXILIARY DIVISION

Would you believe this is not for real.



"This game of follow the leader is getting out of hand."

There's one in every crowd.

Guess who's under the drill.

L-R: J. L. McGaughey, Mr. Crosby, P. H. Maitland, Mr. Maynard, R. Bolcome, S. Freel, P. W. Samolchuck, C. O. Kenny.

This year was the year of the stripe for Watch IV. Why, there were more stripes in IV than in any other two watches combined.

Under the leadership of our fair-haired B.C. and our fair-skinned Duce, ours was a successful and productive year. Thanks to Mr. Crosby and Mr. Maynard, we have gained knowledge which should prove invaluable when we return to the Bay State as a Watch Officer.

Speaking of Watch Officers, we must extend our hand to Harvey Lamb for many good times and birthday parties.

Oh, parting is such sweet sorrow so w'ell make it quick. So Long!

THE DECK DIVISION

For as many years as the school has been in existence, Massachusetts Maritime Academy has had the reputation of turning out some of the best seamen in the world. Much of this reputation has been attributed to the fact that life is so tough here that anything else is heaven when compared to it. This may be true to some extent, but, for the most part, the system doesn't really make a man, but brings out those qualities which were already part of him.

The Deck Class of '66, I am proud to say, are men of this breed. There is no doubt in my mind that they will uphold the traditions of the academy and their calling which is that of a seaman, one of the oldest and noblest professions.

As head of the Deckies in name and as an inseparable part of them in spirit, I have come to know them, their thoughts, and their reactions in all circumstances almost as well as I know myself. Although there are occasional disputes, the many good times together far outnumber them. In the beginning, there were more of us than there are now. While we were sad to see a classmate leave, I'm sure every one was a little more secure in thinking "One more gone but I'm still here". And with this in mind, they would keep on trying, reaching out for what sometimes seemed like an unattainable goal: GRADUATION!!!!

Now that goal is at hand. No more "Check-musters", "Supper formations", or Naval science drills. The moment which we have so anxiously awaited has arrived, and as we walk up to receive our diplomas and licenses there will be only one thought running through our minds — WE MADE IT.

Walter F. Curran
(Battalion Adjutant)

N DIVISION

NAVIGATION DIVISION

What swims, is grey, silver, and green and can be caught on a hook — a STRIPER — ACH UH HACK COUGH HUCH — He has a head like a sponge if you can just picture that — Where did you get your license, from saving soap wrappers? — LA CUCARACHA, LA CUCARACHA he, he, he —

Bill takes an azimuth back at the bay.

Ray Palombo and Bill Broadley

DIVISION 1

FO'CASTLE

First division — from frame 53 forward.

Away all boats!!!

This is a bilge tree sprouting from the lazerette.

Stand by the special sea and anchor detail — Dick, why are you chipping the winch with that finger nail file? — "I'm learning how to shine shoes sir" — What's your name lad? — "Burk sir, most of the first class call me Little Rock." — Where's long John — "Squabble, squabble, squabble.

Let go the port anchor.

ROCK.....

Dick Evans . . . up from the fore peak.

Down the Cape Cod Canal with port and starboard anchors standing by.

Richard Morrissey, John Long, and Richard Evans.

DIVISION 2

A MID SHIPS

Second division, 02 deck, starboard.

And after you clean the fire hoses, soogie the bulkheads.

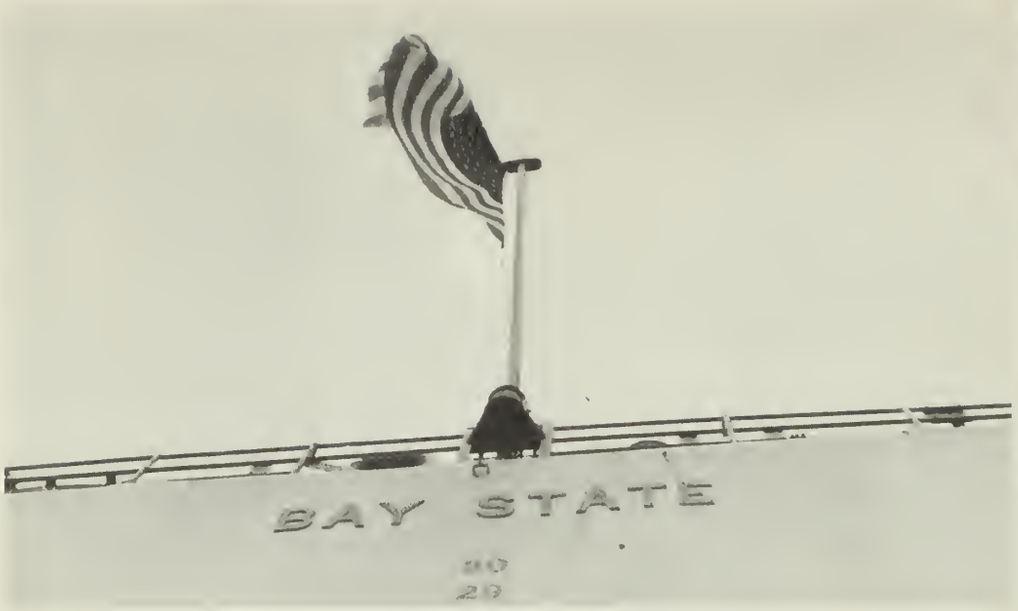
Silvia, where is Wrilley — SOOGIE BULKHEADS — Hi- SLLUUUuuurrrrpp Do, and then, and then and then, then take a fifteen minute break, and then and then, and then, and then, and then, all before knock off, then this afternoon be up here in shined shoes and we'll start again.

Hey, it really is a candle.

Silvia, where are all of the first class — where is Riley?

Mike Silvia, Norm Wallace, Kevin Riley, and Bob Amesbury.

Are these what you're going to be stamping for the rest of your life, Norm?



Old Glory flies half mast over the Bay State.

Want to buy a can of Prince Albert?

That is a compass binnacle, watch out you don't cut your head on it.

Up behind and watch that stopper.

Well the sun beat down . . . and . . .

it grew, and grew, and swelled, and . . .

swelled and, swelled . . . until . . . poof!!

Pick up a seam fellas — Can you tie a bosun chair hitch? — Evans, clear the quarter deck!!! Evans, Evans, poooooph!!!! Fisher, stop Fisher, FISHER — STOP!!!! 'Visory capacity only fella — I'm not going to play 'tective fellas, you want me to play 'tective I'll play 'tective!!!!!! — You got a riding turn — term we use in the merchant service — on there.

Russ Woodill, Cd. Lt.; Dave Carpenter; Kevin McGill; Bruce Fisher; Tom Battell, absent.

Cadet Officers

Lt. Thomas F. Dorsey confers with Maitland and Curran.

CADET OFFICERS

Seated: Peter Maitland, Battalion Cmdr.; Walter Curran, Battalion Adj.; Russell Woodill, Jr., Cd. Lt.; William Broadley, Cd. Lt.; Richard Brown, Cd. Ens. Standing: Joaquin Ricardo, Jr., Cd. Ens.; Charles Thayer, Cd. Lt.; Thomas Cunniff, Cd. Lt.; Paul Barra, Jr., Cd. Ens; Richard Bolcome, Cd. Lt.; John Long, Cd. Lt.; Michael Silvia, Cd. Lt.

Peter H. Maitland
Battalion Commander

Change of Command

Dr. A. Sanford Limouze congratulates Battalion Commander C. J. Kimtis, Jr. and Battalion Adjutant R. P. Toomey on their appointments.

Walter F. Curran, Battalion Adjutant, 1965-1966

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Division of State Colleges

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY

124th

Commencement Exercises

at

The Bourne High School

Bourne, Massachusetts

June 18, 1966

2:00 P. M.

Program

Musical Selections
Naval Base Boston Band

Presiding Officer
Dr. A. Sanford Limouze
President, Massachusetts Maritime Academy

Invocation
Dr. Robert Wood Coe

Greetings to Graduates

Introduction of Commencement Speaker

Address to Graduates
The Honorable Kevin B. Harrington
Massachusetts Senate Majority Floor Leader

Presentation of Awards to Prize Winners

Bible Presentation
Dr. Robert Wood Coe
Representing the Massachusetts Bible Society

Presentation of Degrees
Dr. Paul M. Fye
President, Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution

Administering Oath of Office for Licenses
Captain William J. L. Parker, USCG
Officer in Charge, Marine Inspection, First Coast Guard District

Administering Oath of Office as Ensign, United States Coast Guard

Benediction
The Reverend Francis L. Mahoney

Awards

Prize awarded by the **Boston Marine Society** to the graduate excelling in those qualities making for the best shipmaster, including aptitude, prompt and cheerful obedience to his superior officers, devotion to duty, integrity, force of character, and ability to attain and maintain leadership. Presented by Captain John J. Saxton, President, Boston Marine Society, to

WALTER FRANCIS CURRAN

James M. Fuller, Jr., Memorial Award (To be announced)

Irving Wood Memorial Prize (income on $5,000) to the graduate attaining the highest standing in nautical science. Mr. Wood made this award available through his will because in great part he attributed his success in life to his early training at sea. Presented by Mr. Frankland W. L. Miles, Jr., President, Massachusetts Maritime Academy Alumni Association, to

WILLIAM ARTHUR BROADLEY, JR.

Prizes awarded by the **Maritime Association of Greater Boston,** for general excellence in engineering and in nautical science. Presented by Mr. John J. Halloran, Manager of the Association, to

RICHARD BOLCOME - Engineering

WILLIAM ARTHUR BROADLEY, JR. - Nautical Science

Prizes awarded by the **Military Order of World Wars** to the engineering graduate and to the nautical science graduate attaining the highest standing in Naval Science. Presented by Major General Robert G. Butler, USA (Ret.), to

RICHARD BOLCOME - Engineering

JOHN ROBERT LONG - Nautical Science

Prizes awarded by the **Propeller Club of the United States, Port of Boston,** to the engineering graduate and to the nautical science graduate whose scholastic class standings during the last year show the most marked improvement over the previous two years' standing. Presented by Mr. George M. Poor, President, to

ROBERT HENRI McMURRAY, JR. - Engineering

RICHARD THOMAS MORRISSEY - Nautical Science

Prize awarded by the **United States Lines Company** to the graduate outstanding in leadership. Presented by Captain William L. Howard, Director, Labor Relations, United States Lines Company, to

PETER HOUGHTON MAITLAND

Prize awarded by the **Massachusetts State Society, United States Daughters of 1812,** to the graduate attaining the highest standing in engineering and electricity. Presented by Mrs. Francis J. Campbell, President of the Society, to

RICHARD BOLCOME

Prize awarded by **Commander Edward A. Ellis, USNR (Ret.),** to the graduate outstanding in athletic and scholastic achievement. Presented by Commander Ellis to

DANA ALBERT WINROTH

Battalion Commander
Soccer 1,2,3; Co-captain 3
National Pulling Boat Championship Crew 1965
Class Barber

PETER H. MAITLAND
21 Rowland St.
Marblehead, Mass.

Pete

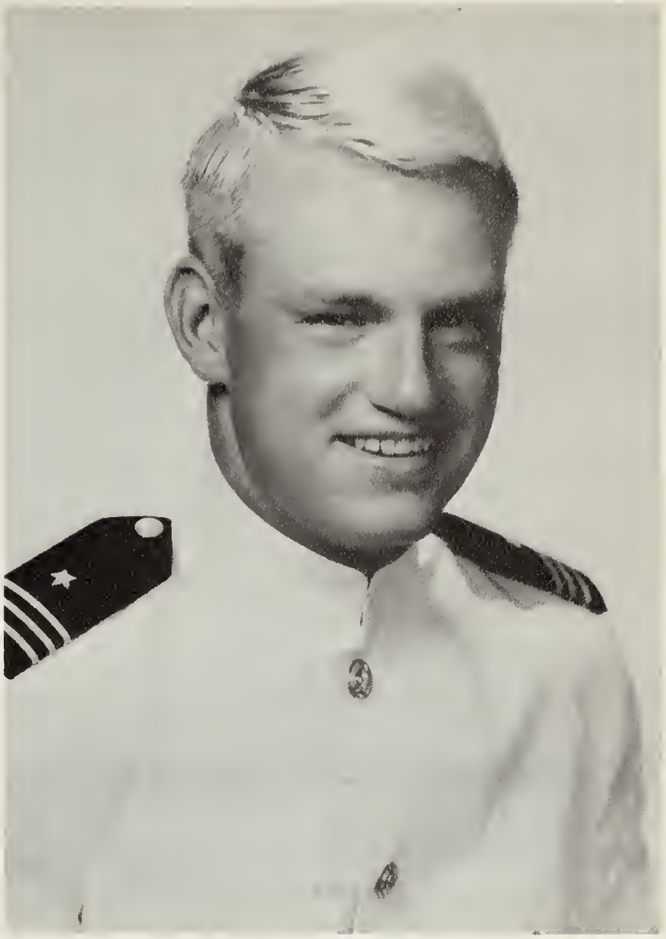
In an attempt to carry on the sea faring tradition of Marblehead, Pete applied to M.M.A. His going away party was a very unusual one, because Pete didn't go away. The next year there was another party, but no luck. Finally on his third attempt Pete made it.

During his third class year Pete was the key witness in "The Great Egg Caper" and he showed his exemplary honesty in this case. Pete demonstrated his great love of sea during the cruises. Hanging over the rail admiring the waves as they rolled by.

As time passed and we approached our first class year, the Chief noticed Pete's superior efficiency and appointed him his personal secretary. A position Pete enjoyed very much.

We all wish Pete as much success in the future as he has had at the Academy. He has been a great friend and classmate to everyone at the Academy.

Battalion Adjutant
Soccer Team 1,2
Rowing Team 1,2,3
Sailing



WALTER F. CURRAN
1430 Columbia Rd.
South Boston, Massachusetts

"Wonderful"

No, you can't because I said so! (or so he thought) Walter had a most responsible position (function: to call check muster on odd days) and he was the Deckie pipe line to ship's office. He was probably the only one who could ride herd over the other beasts in the foc'sle when the time came.

By the time first class year rolled around, Walter seemed the logical choice for three striper, and he proved to be a shining success. His casual manner amazed everyone from faculty to youngie, but that's what you get when you're from "Southy".

Walter's plans seem pretty well set, so, good luck and smooth sailing.

ROBERT C. AMESBURY
9 Tappan Rd.
Wellesley, Massachusetts

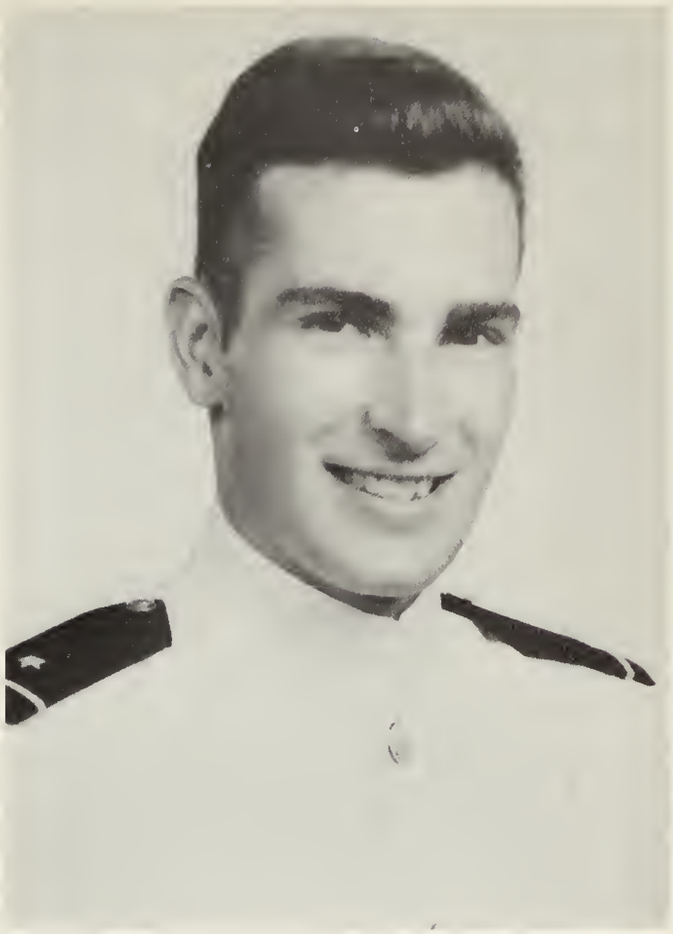
"Mother"

Soccer Team 1
Muster Staff

Our Robert was the gentleman of the class, an aficionado of all that was fine, and a connoisseur of fine women and liquor. Bob brought to us from Wellesley an outstanding image of refinement and culture. He was the greatest guy on our team and a real pal, through thick and thin. His manly image gave to us a profound inspiration to stick to a task and get the job done ship shape and Bristol fashion. One often reads about an all around guy, but seldom sees one. Rob was truly that guy.

Bob has set before him many challenging and adventurous objectives. Well Bob, what ever course you choose to sail, we know that you will weather the gale . . . Bon voyage, vacuum head.

Soccer 2,3
Golf Team
Newman Club 1,2 Vice-President 2
Propeller Club



PAUL J. BARRA
194 Fuller Street
Dorchester, Mass.

The Bear, and Yogi

It was a sad day for all the girlies of Dorchester, as well as M.M.A., when the Bear decided to hibernate in Buzzards Bay. On his first cruise he was the star of the San Diego affair; but in spite of a broken heart, he did manage to remain single.

His 2nd job year, under the guidance of Charlie the Pudge, passed without further incidents, and his fidelity and integrity earned him a stripe in Mario's Angels. As an upper job, the Bear's mastery of the Sherlock Holmes Technique earned him the name of the Cozy Bear, and his snooping talents made many second jobs weekend guests of the state.

We all look forward to the day when "Smokey" will graduate and go out into the world, probably as a Ranger at Jellystone Park. We all wish Yogi good luck and great sailing.

THOMAS A. BATTELL
36 Franklin St.
Arlington, Massachusetts

"Bats"

Soccer Team, Manager 1,2,3
Newman Club
Muster Staff

One day "Bats" put down his rivit gun and picked up a chipping hammer. Although both of them seemed similar, Stinkey felt more secure with the chipping hammer because it symbolized the "system". Due to his extensive background, stubborn adherance to the "game", and sheer determination he was able to dig in and move the academic mountain. This took deterination, drudgery . . . and SWEAT.

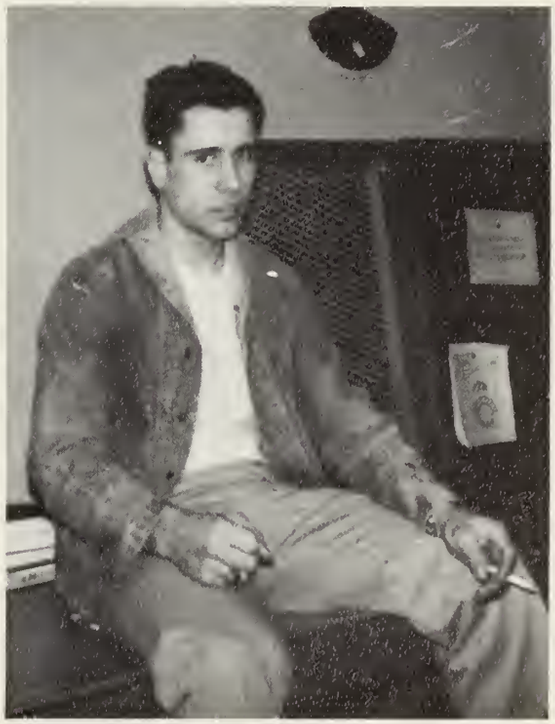
As a second classman the "Eagle" assigned Stinky as "Youngie coordinator". Eagle would place the appropriate IBM card into Tom's programming slot, and he would motivate himself to the Rec. deck ladder. From here he directed field day operations until first call to 150 studies deactivated his computer. After turning Upper-job "Bats" developed a "Globe-lobe" which bloated his ego to new heights. The system is now dead and the "military Apple" is gone from these "Ivy covered walls". His passing marks the end of an era.

Best of luck in the future and long live the "System".

Soccer 2,3
Softball 1,2,3
Drill Team 1,2,3
Rifle Team 1
Laundry 1,2,3

RICHARD BOLCOME
31 Perkins Street
Gloucester, Mass.

Nigs



Dick came to us following the tradition of the men who go down to the sea in ships. He immediately showed his aptitude for leadership as he became, and was to remain, 1st in the class. As a laundry worker he tried to brighten up our drab cruise uniforms by giving us all powder blue tee shirts. On the cruise, he was our roving ambassador and made a big hit with the people as well as the sidewalk in Matamorous. To celebrate becoming an upper job, Dick had a party of 7 (Seagram's that is) which later caused Bing's two-striper to conduct marching practice for the night riders.

Dick surprised us all by announcing his engagement at the ring dance. May we wish him the best of luck in his family life, and continued success in all his undertakings.

EDWARD G. BOUCHER
77 Boyer Street
Springfield, Mass.

Rifle Club 1
Newman Club—President
Honor Guard
Drill Team

Supermouse

Ed's arrival at M.M.A. was like a country mouse's first day in the big city as he suddenly found himself surrounded by "big people". But with a twitching of his ears and a wiggle of his nose, he resigned himself to become one of us. On his youngie cruise he became a changed man, and we will never forget his inspiring words as he stood on the bridge wing and said, "I'm for the sea and the sea is for me." Supermouse soon learned to defend himself using his feared flying-headlock, and since his change, has become fascinated with the older, more sophisticated women of our time.

In spite of his habit of relieving the watch in strange places, Ed has been a great classmate, and we are sure that he will become the outstanding "Rodent" in the shipping industry.

Soccer 1,2,3

PAUL V. BOUSSY
9 Harvard Park
Dorchester, Mass.

Otto, Shirley T.

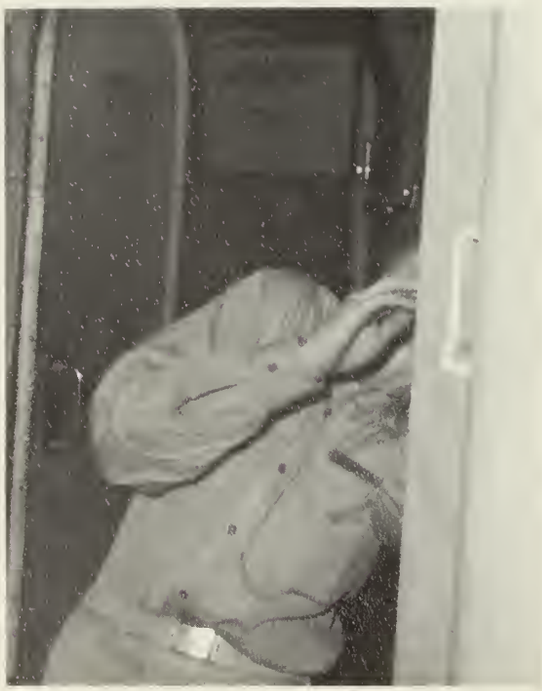
After graduating from Sporties and filling in for Shirley Temple in the "Good Ship Lollipop", Otto decided to come to M.M.A. where he earned fame as a youngie goalie on the soccer team. He soon lost this position, however, when during the next season he played more games with the gulls on the field than with his teammates. Very discouraged, Laze-Ott took up running pools, flicking butts, eating youngie goodies, and admiring Astrid Schultz to pass the time. Buse made a hit in Texas with his research on twinking and sidewalk textures. His inquisiveness and interest in "juice" has made Otto a student that Hank will never be able to forget.

If in the future Otto shows as much ambition as he did by dragging Hank or sucking down the cold ones, he is sure to come out on top.

WILLIAM A. BROADLEY JR.
18 Woodland Rd.
East Walpole, Massachusetts

Cadet Lieutenant, Navigation division
Band 1,2
Muster Staff
Rifle Club 1,2
AFOB

"Rodney"



"Oh please, has anyone got a can of chicken-noodle soup?" Such feeble pleas as this, from the limp wristed Walpole refugee, were quite common place during our third class year. However after two years of scholarly discretion, Rodney wormed his way into the role of the "Sorcerer's Apprentice". Having "scratched" his way to the position of the "Swine's Prime Suckling", Chauncy proceeded to keep the bridge in tip-top condition through out his upper-job year.

As a competent photographer, Bill worked at snapping the candids for this year's Muster. As an intellectual, Rodney impressed the minds of many, although most of his philosophy displayed the depth and logic of an intellectual desert.

All kidding aside, Bill has worked for all that he has achieved and has proven himself to be an honest and fair classmate. Best wishes in the future, Bill.

Band 1,2,3 Bandmaster 3
Cross Country 1

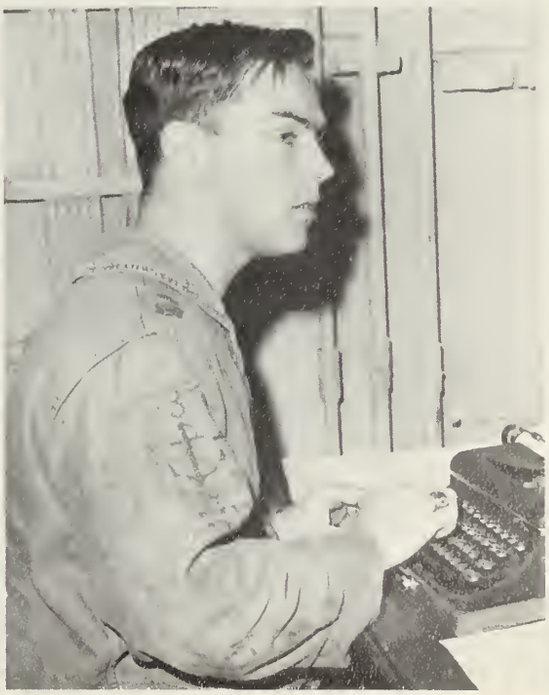
RICHARD C. BROWN
969 South Franklin St.
Holbrook, Mass.

Dick

After striking out at Lowell Tech . . . and faced with the prospect of working for a living, Dick brought his talents to M.M.A. Here he found himself and sought to fulfill an ambition to become number one. Starting early in his youngie year, by the time he turned upper job he had blown enough right notes to become number one—leader of the band. In the meantime, Dick had studied as he had never done before and ended up near the top of his class.

We will never forget Dick's wonderful and timely harmonica concerts, his perseverance in listening to Morgan's Armada morning after painful morning, and for his courageous leadership of Hank's bulb snatchers.

Whatever the future holds in store for Dick, his good nature, intelligence, and drive to be tops, will insure him success.



THOMAS H. BROWN
9 Spring Street
Essex, Mass.

Boxxxxxxxx

Soccer 1,2,3 Co-Captain
Cross Country 1
Drill Team 1,2
National Pulling Boat Champion Crew 1965
Ring Dance Committee

A few days later than the rest of us, squared-away Tom arrived from the Citadel. He quickly learned the ways of survival, and being in the electrical division spent many hours observing rotating commutators through transparent eyelids while lying flat on his back. Being a natural athlete, Tom greatly aided our cause, both as captain of the soccer team and member of the pulling boat crew.

While most middies need a dictionary to write a letter, Tom requires a book of verse because the girls he writes to have beautiful minds. Another of Tom's Distinguishing characteristics is his unfailing punctuality. We could count on Tom to be right on time, give or take 4 hours.

So Tom, whatever you seek will always be of the highest caliber we are sure, and will be easily attained by your exceptionally good nature.

ALLAN R. CAMPBELL
5 Daniel Road
Shrewsbury, Mass.

Propeller Club
Newman Club

Spags

Spags deserted his gang in Shrewsbury and arrived at M.M.A. still wearing his leather jacket and brass knuckles. After skating through his first year relatively unknown, he soon became famous for his tales of adventure. Every Sunday night we had to don boots in order to listen to his war stories.

Al did very well in his studies his 2nd job year, with the exception of a little math problem and he almost didn't get away from his favorite subject—ships construction. During his upper job year he became one of the Four Horsemen, and would have made it through Cherry but for a "frame-up" at Naval Science Drill.

Al may never make a bartender, but will make a good leader in anything he does—except writing war stories for comic books.

Drill Team 1,2,3,4
Propeller Club
Soccer Team 1,2

DAVID C. CARPENTER
25 Oakside Ave.
Brockton, Massachusetts

"Daisy"

Dave, as it turned out, was a year ahead of his time. Right from the beginning he showed an abnormal determination to pass Algebra. Since then Dave has weathered a great number of MMA's academic storms and manifested a prepetual drive. Of course, we must take into account his comprehensive file of old tests and notes. Dave's favorite course turned out to be navigation where he and Bill struck up such a famous relationship that he wound up taking every exam at least twice.

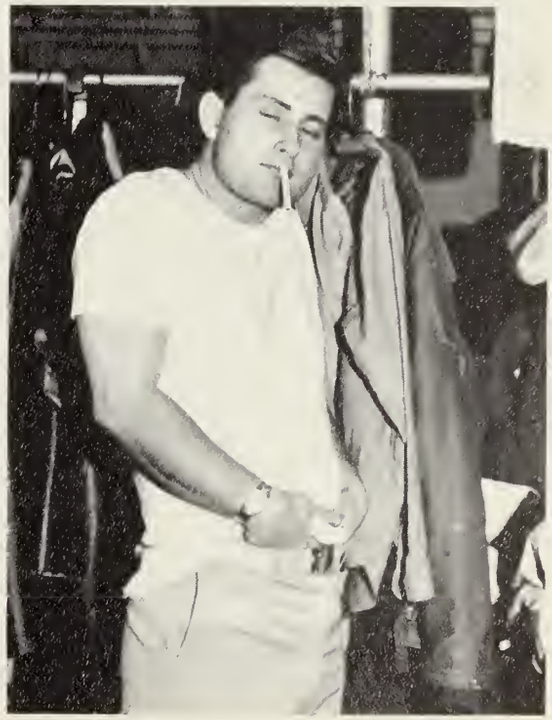
By taking a cue from Auntie Alice the Fem convinced many of us that the only church to attend was Lake View Chapel. This proved to be a new concept in devotion and group fellowship. In his double role of weekend cassanova and dog catcher, Dave succeeded in winning the 1965 "The Most Wanted Man About Town" award, presented annually by the local Teen' group.

We wish Dave health and happiness in the pursuit, and good luck on his long awaited departure.

Golf Team
Newman Club
Propeller Club

THOMAS CUNNIFF
68 Wyoming Road
Newtonville, Mass.

Lurch



After being shipped to us by hearse and casket from Wentworth, Tom was laid to rest in the Gorge, where he became Spook's protégé. There he made many friends as his willingness to finish a job made him a good man to work with. Eventually his qualities as a deck plate machine, humper, and sweat, were rewarded by his getting the big "2" in One. Despite "The Changed Man's" help in changing his perfect record, Tom proved to all that he was the right man for the job. Tom, in addition to being athletic, was mechanically inclined and he and the crew of the Lurchmobile became experts at making push starts and pit stops; but with bailing wire and vicegrips usually managed to reach their destination.

With his good nature and determination, we're sure Tom will succeed in everything he does.

RICHARD C. EVANS
Lexington Rd.
Lincoln, Massachusetts

Soccer 1,2
Cross Country 1
Rowing Team 2

"Tough Dick"

"Now hear this. phone call for Evans." And thus starts the salty saga of "Tough Dick". On he came, with putzed belt buckle, sea stories about the "Sara", Corpus Christi, and Marion Beach . . . SPLAT!! . . . AHoooga AHoooga.

Dick comprised the social elite of our little group and was the class authority on naval tradition and usage. He did his "retortive" best to keep everyone in good spirits, but much of his humor ricocheted far above our heads and went unappreciated. Whenever someone needed good advice Dick could really be depended upon and was a friend to all. Was it eccentricity or genius? Whatever it was, it was Tough Dick.

Cross Country Team
Muster Staff, Editor

BRUCE B. FISHER
230 Pembroke St.
Kingston, Massachusetts

"Bruce"

"Hey Bruce! Where'd you get these skin books?" "Oh! I-er-found them up in the OW shack on the 4-8".

"Pooh's" Willingness to abide by the system made him a favorite with the Watch One "Old Guard" during his apprenticeship. His cheerful acceptance of night watch cooking and "custommade" egg sangies made him a big favorite with "Foxie" and the gang.

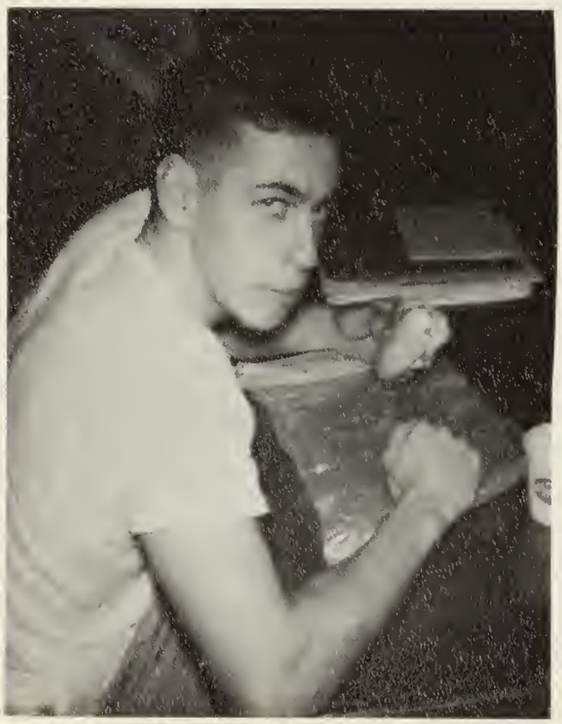
As a member of the 2-D underworld, Bruce found himself caught between "Como's" "zap sheets" aboard and Spanish shotguns ashore. However Bruce rectified his evil by helping the academy scrap a heap of unwanted metal which had been accumulating in back of the quanset huts.

He occupied himself during his last year as editor of our yearbook, reading Moby Dick, preparing for mates exams, reading Moby Dick, cordial conversations with Dana, and, oh yes, reading Moby Dick.

Best of luck not only to a master of subtle cynicism, but to a probable master of the seven seas.

PETER C. FRASER
805 Belmont Street
Brockton, Mass.

Gluck



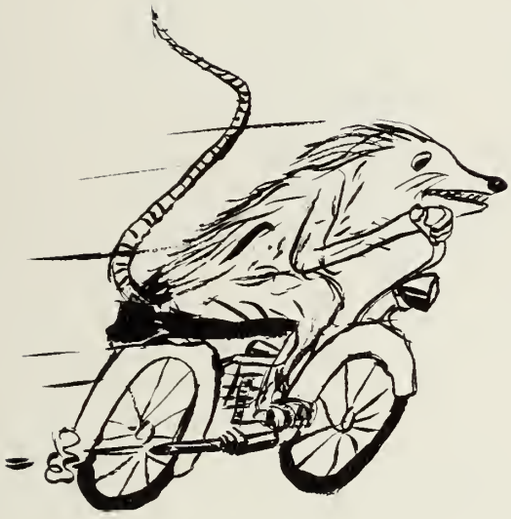
Laundry 1,2,3

Brockton's loss was our gain when Pete came to M.M.A. As a youngie, Gluck proved himself a hard worker, and won his way into the laundry. Eventually the fruits of his labor came forth, and he was given 2 stripes and put in charge of Hank's Heroes. But alas . . . all good things must come to an end, and ZAP . . . there went the stripes. All was not lost, however, as he was still able to maintain his position in the laundry, and he fell into the life of a "peon" very well. He didn't do much work this year, but he did manage to take a lot of people to the cleaners.

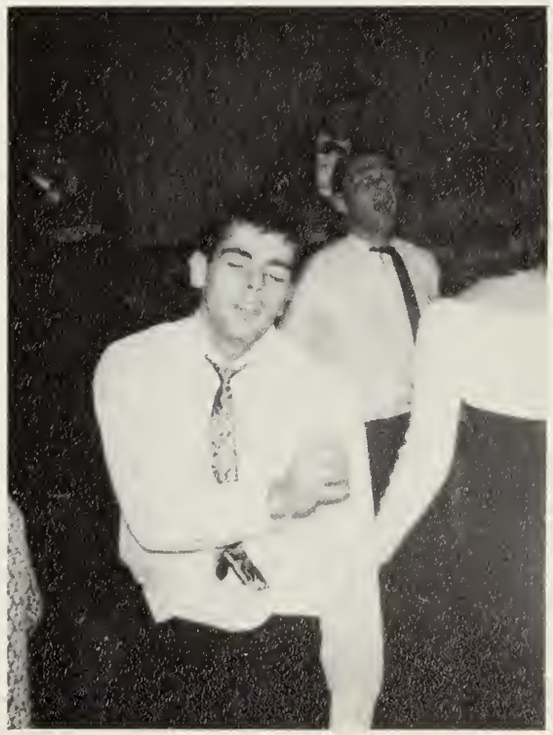
Gluck is a fine friend to all, and we wish him the best of luck wherever he may go.

Soccer 1,2,3

STEPHEN J. FREEL
97 Baxter Street
Quincy, Mass.



Steve



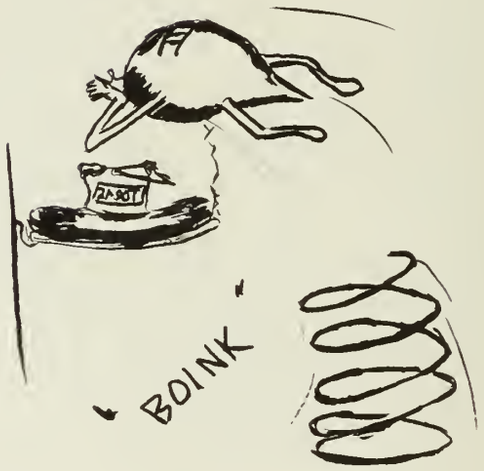
M.M.A. was extremely happy to receive into its ranks such a clean-cut, broad-minded young man as Steve. Steve was always willing to listen to the other side of the story even though he was certain it was wrong.

Steve's mild manner and gentle behavioral patterns endeared him to the third classmen. The youngies will be forever grateful for his untiring efforts to make himself more comfortable.

Despite his being handicapped with short back and stringy legs, Steve has proven himself quite adept in all sports. With his ability and single-mindedness, we are sure that he will leave his mark on the world just as it has on him. Best of luck in all your endeavors and remember: Watch out for Gooks on pontoon bridges!

FRED WALLACE GREEN
223 East Street
Foxboro, Mass.

Cross Country Team 1,2,3
Golf Team 1,2,3
Propeller Club—Vice-president 3
Laundry 1,2,3



"Boink"

It was the summer of 1963 that Fred decided to find his way to Taylor's Point. It took a matter of seconds to realize that Foxboro High and MMA had little in common. Adjusting to it posed no problem.

During the course of training Fred maintained better than average grades, managed to participate in intramural and varsity sports, and kept those Saturday evening engagements with his O.A.O.

Fred was the only man in the first class to have a private stateroom which occasionally doubled as a card room. On the cruise it was known as the laundry.

With Fred's initiative, intelligence, and good-naturedness we are assured that he will meet nothing but success in the years to come.

Golf Team 2,3
Band 1,2,3
Soccer 1

FRED HEYWOOD III
Bayview Avenue
Berkley, Mass.

Fred came to M.M.A. after being held in strict confinement in Berkely? for 18 years. Inexperienced as he was, he quickly adapted himself to his new way of life and his bright smile immediately brought him to the attention of the upper-jobs.

The first cruise opened Fred's eyes to the wide world around him. He became quite a world traveler and was very successful. As the cruise came to an end Fred became a second job and settled down to some serious (?) studying.

Fred maintained his "condenser type" attitude toward those who didn't like his manner through his second job year and Fred, on his second job cruise, expanded his knowledge of foreign ports. Yes, foreign ports became his "cup of tea?"

Fred came back from weekend liberty with many tales which would stagger the imagination. "By the way, how's the bumper jumping in Berkely, Fred."

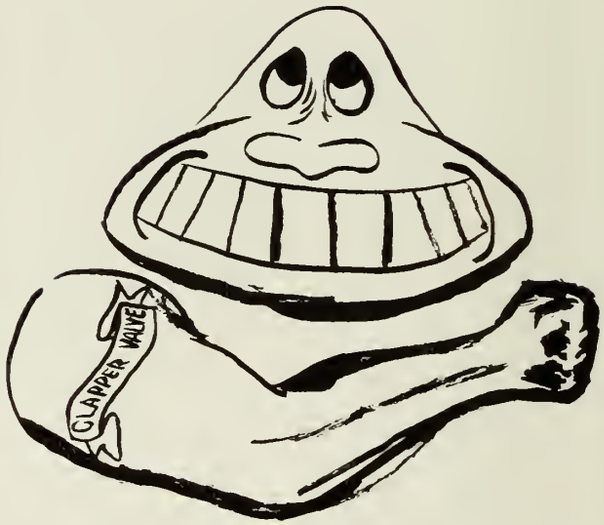
After many trials and tribulations, joys and sorrows, good times and bad times Fred has finally made it. His next step is to go out and make his mark in the world. We all wish Fred the best luck in all his endeavors.

Foxy and Beachball

COLIN O. KENNEY
16 Alameda Road
West Roxbury, Mass.

Clapper Valve

Soccer 2,3
National Pulling Boat Championship Crew 1965
Cross Country 1
Rifle Team 1
Circle K Club 1,2



From the ivy halls of Wentworth came Colin Oliver Kenney bent upon belated success. With such a distinguished name, we felt assured he would fulfill his ambition. And we were almost right.

After exhibiting his talent as a Mariner Harrier he decided his athletic prowess could receive proper justification only through the grueling game of soccer. And the veracity of his contention was proved by his illustrious exhibitions on the playing field.

Off the field and the classroom, C.V. due to his inherent characteristics, became well known by all for his exceptionally perceptive queries and was soon recognized as a very articulate young man.

Undaunted by his earlier experiences, Colin, at last achieved his ultimate goal. Rowing port bow, Cole and the rest of the Academy crew garnered for themselves unmitigated glory in the nations capitol.

Success, we feel sure, will follow Colin, as it has in the past, wherever destiny may take him.

Band 1,2
Yearbook Staff, Art Department

MICHAEL B. KUCHLEWSKI
44 Suffolk St.
Malden, Mass.

Mike and Shylock

After sacrificing his model railroad trains to further his education, Mike arrived at Buzzard's Gulch.

His first year he was able to avoid the pitfalls of most of the other youngies but Mike suffered a severe discoloration of the nose as a consequence.

Shylock immediately set forth to learn all the angles and during his second job cruise won fame in Baltimore by downing eight martinies and striking out in a blizzard all by his lonesome. We thought we would see him again.

At the start of Mike's upper job year he found it necessary to give up his library of stimulating literature but found a suitable substitute in his first love and took to model train magazines.

At any given moment Mike could be found in his rack munching on his breakfast, or his lunch, or his supper which invariably consisted of a pie and potato chips.

We all know Mike will succeed, his drive and superior wit will carry him forward and he will have the class of 66 behind him.

Cadet Lieutenant, First division
Circle K Club
Soccer Team 1,2

JOHN R. LONG
Wareham Road
Marion, Massachusetts

"Ming Toy"

Although "Ming Toy's" personal history is about as explicit as a fortune cookie, oriental descent is obvious. He gained an immediate reputation for having the "putziest" buckle and the shinest shoes, much to everyone's chagrin, and navigation division was never as bright as when "Toy" was there on the job. Needless to say, John was one of Bill's favorite few.

We all accepted "Toy" for his unique expression, forceful personality, and Flimsey "Rack", not to mention his fastidious manner. John was Cadet Lieutenant of first division which, needless to say, was usually run like a Chinese hand laundry.

On weekends John could usually be found back at home port in Marion on the modle ship ways.

John desires to become "Offisa in Chaj-ov Mahl-leen inspection" and we wish him all the luck in the future.

Newman Club
Soccer 1,2
Golf Team; Captain

J. LAWRENCE McGAUGHEY
49 Woodland St.
Sherbonn, Mass.

Goose

On that fateful day in July '63, Larry, along with the rest of us innocent young men, arrived at that little piece of the twilight zone known as the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. He wasn't noticed too much at first but I think that was by design rather than chance. To say the least, Larry was a boon to our class in the first year.

During his second job year Larry made himself well known to the first classmen as a "wise guy". This was due to his obvious disregard for their wonderful opinion of themselves. There were other things for which Larry received recognition but it would probably be best not to go into these and pass on to the last year.

Through the final year Larry's wit entertained us all, when he was out of his bunk long enough to display it. And these times were few and far between because Larry spent at least one third of his upper job year in his pad.

We, the class of '66, wish to take this opportunity to thank "The Goose" for his contributions to our class and wish him smooth sailing in the future.

KEVIN J. McGILL
30 Courtland Circle
Milton, Massachusetts

"Buzzard"

Circle K Club
Ring Dance Committee

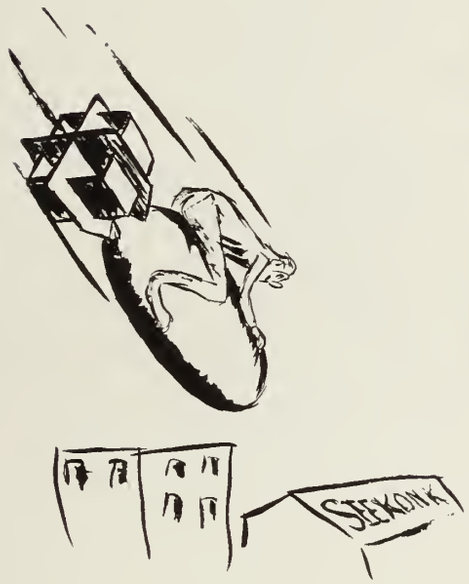
The "Birdman of Buzzards Bay" was an especially interesting species. This "Rare Feather" won the rule of the roost after being grounded for two turbulent years. We will always remember the sporadic illusions of grandeur, Annapolis, and the Air Force Academy which abruptly came to a screeching halt with the advent of his endless conflicts with upper and lower classmen.

Although Buzzard often presented many interesting, conservative viewpoints, his annual nomination of John Birch for Time's "Man of the Year" was hard to accept. Kevin's favorite pastime was chastising youngies on his infamous perch.

What ever jet stream Kevin chooses to fly, we wish him good speed.

Cross Country 1,2,3; Co-Captain 3
Newman Club 1,2
Ring Dance Committee
Yearbook Staff; Co-Editor

ROBERT H. McMURRAY JR.
272 County St.
Seekonk, Mass.



Ground Zero

Upon arriving at the academy, Mac was content for about 25 minutes and from then on, to the end of his upper job year he was O.P. He had quite an eventful youngie year being the prime culprit in the "Great Egg Caper" and other henious crimes against organized society. So much so, in fact, that by the end of Bob's first year he had acquired the nickname "Ground Zero".

After having passed through the torturous youngie year, G.Z. arrived, with the remaining members of the class of '66, to the threshold of the second year. This was a sedate period with the possible exception of his inexplicable attraction for cylindrical trash containers.

During the first part of the upper job year Bob spent much of his time in the service of the Cross Country team, which if not victorious was at least profitable. The remainder of the time was spent working of extra duty and making a pretense of studying.

The class of '66 wishes to extend its thanks to Bob for his contributions to the class and its good wishes to him in the future.

RICHARD T. MORRISSEY
6063 North Nassau Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

"Rock"

Soccer 1
Circle K
Newman Club

When MMA's answer to Al Capone arrived two weeks late and a dollar short, we were all convinced that we had been blessed with the Frankinstein Monster. We all knew that he wasn't for real because there was no bolt through his neck.

When asked "What are you doing in your bunk" Rock's only comment was . . . "shower", in a most exclamatory fashion.

Rich holds the distinction of being the only out of stater in the class of '66. He seems to adapt quite well, although he never quite mastered the New England accent.

When he couldn't get his locker open he would simply tear the door off by its hinges. He used to "sack" into his bunk like a felled tree——SMASH!

Rich was an honest and an extremely upstanding person. He wants to become a ship's master, and with his perseverance and determination he will be one.

Drill Team 1,2,3
Honor Guard

RAYMOND A. PALOMBO
33 Forty Steps Lane
Nahant, Massachusetts

"Raymie"

With a fishing rod in one hand and a good conduct medal in the other, enter our compardre from the fleet. As a youngie Ray was a regular "A. J. Squared Away", although there was as much grease in his veins as there was salt.

About a year later 2/D was heard from. Ray, together with the rest of the "Student Cultural Development Committee", which included Pony, Bordoon, Hackett, Sharky, and Bruce, strove to bring us less fortunate, deprived creatures up to their own level of excellence.

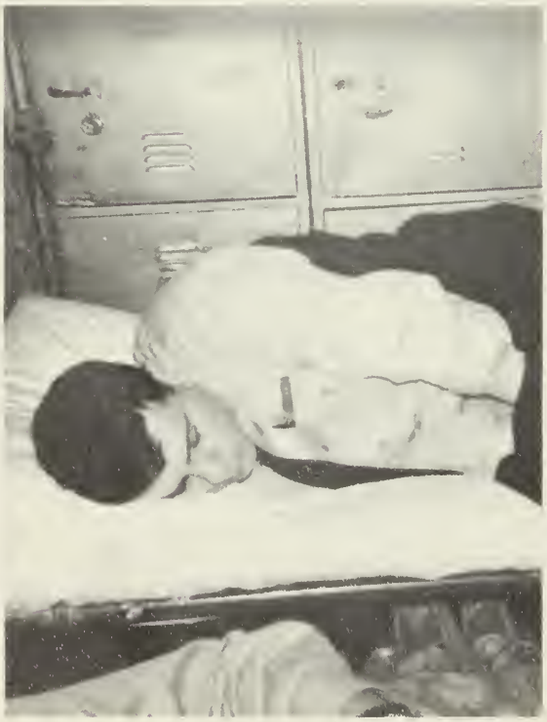
Later on he had a chance to prove his ability to lead beyond any doubt by leading two certain parties to a long abandoned truck. He got the most out of his men with the least amount of effort. After all, he only threw in a key.

His future promises to be an interesting one, and he is sure to have quite a tale to tell to his grandchildren.

JOAQUIN C. RICARDO, JR.
73 Angell St.
Mansfield, Mass.

Jack

Newman Club
Propeller Club—Pres.



The fourth district court of Attleboro handed down its decision, and Jack was sentenced to three years at M.M.A. On that July day, Jack brought with him many attributes which he put to good use.

There is no record of Jack as a youngie, for he managed to stay hidden and unknown until halfway through his second job year. The second job cruise brought the "Grey Ghost" into the open. While in Texas he achieved the title of "Bring 'em back alive" Ricardo. Jack can also testify to the devistation of one of the blows of "Moto" the rock of Brocton.

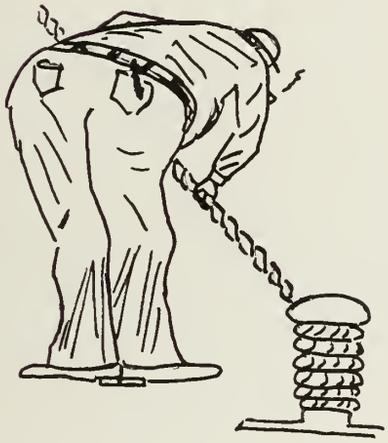
The upper job year brought Jack one stripe with Wright's Warriors and together with "The Lurch" ruled Watch One with an iron hand.

On Sunday nights, Jack can be found in the Glen Cove A-Go-Go, along with the rest of the "Cove" crew.

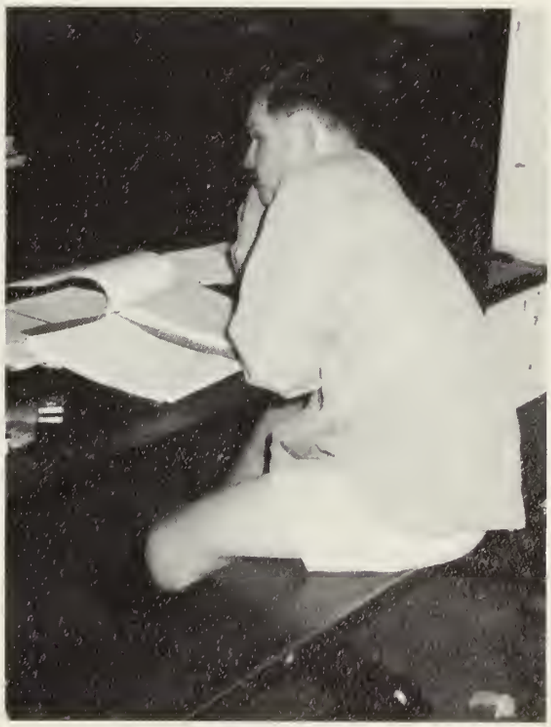
We all wish Jack the best in his present smog control program; and that the future will bring him the success that he deserves. Drive slow, Jack!

Baseball Team 1
Propeller Club
Newman Club
Circle K Club
Ring Committee
Ring Dance Committee

KEVIN S. RILEY
33 Norton Rd.
Quincy, Massachusetts



"Snack Bar"



CRUNCH . . . CRASH . . . WHAM . . . WHOP . . . STRain . . . AGGhhh . . . Pant . . . wheeze, squeeze . . . and presto, . . . Under 200 lbs.

Midway through our youngie cruise, a certain frustrated deckie threw down his Stillson wrench and forced his corpulent carcass up, out of the "pit" and into the "Frying pan" of nautical almanacs and quarantined weekends. At last Kevin had found his chosen field, and from here on in life became less strenuous, although still very challenging.

Always a "Good time fella", Snack Bar was very active on the social scene, and being chairman of the Ring Dance Committee was just his cup of Metrecal. We are also confident that when his new book, "Who's Who is Massachusetts", is released, it will make records on the Best Seller List.

Best of luck to a jovial classmate and a genuine sailor.

PAUL W. SAMOLCHUK
13 Franklin St.
Marblehead, Mass.

Rowing Team 2,3
Propeller Club

Sammy

Early in the month of July in 63 a small wharf rat swam quickly out of Marblehead harbor and headed south for the Cape Cod Canal. Sam quickly made friends by assisting them in all types of math probs. He drove many probs by that even Jack could not hack.

The wander lust hit Sam while in San Diego and he decided to take the Greyhound Overland back to "Barnegat" in time for the blessing of the fleet. Fortunately, Sam's departure was delayed and his temperament cooled by the O.D.'s unique method of confinement. The "Bon Voyage" party was held anyway and bread and water was served to all who attended. The next attempt was made at Panama C.Z. but finding the natives extremely unfriendly, Sam decided to stick with the ship.

With his quick wit, cheerfulness and willingness to stand relief watches Sam will surely become a top-notch wiper like the rest of us. Good luck Sam, even though you won't need it.

Cadet Lieutenant, Second division
Propeller Club

MICHAEL F. SILVIA
10 Mellen Ave.
Somerset, Massachusetts

"Knuckle Head"

Who is that babbling moron that just stumbled out of the Cove? Well, it's Mike with a big bag over his head. Mr. Page was convinced that "Knuck" had a problem, but that was a normal occurrence with him.

In the beginning everyone thought that Knuck had two wrenches on the ends of his arms instead of hands. Every night back in the dark section of the compartment he could be heard subconsciously numbling in his sleep.

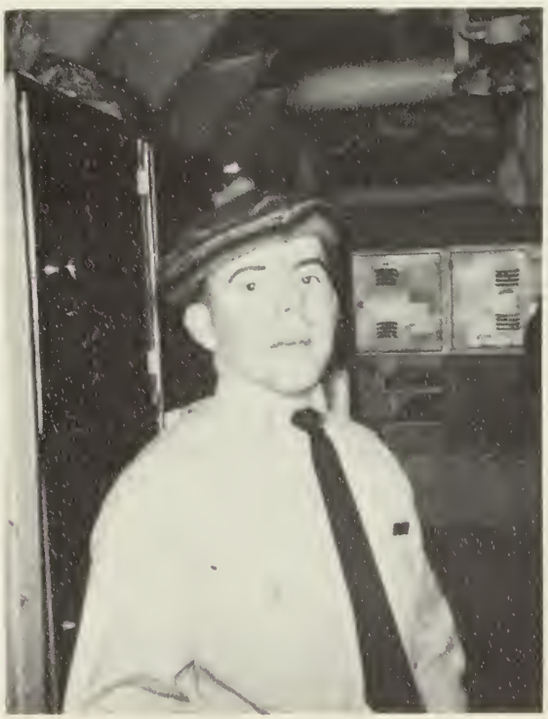
When stripe time came along Rastus got two and was made president of the "Paint, Chip, and Soogie Club". He never pushed a swab or a broom, but rather occupied himself by pushing himself into his bunk for the remainder of his stay at the Bay.

Knuck is a likable sort and a good comrade, and will make a good shipmate.

CHARLES W. THAYER
70 Delmore St.
Springfield, Massachusetts

Golf Team
Cross Country
Propeller Club (Vice Pres.)
Newman Club

Pudgie



Charlie Pudge came to us from way out in Springfield, that's even farther out than Seekonk, and proceeded to make his mark upon the academy.

During his two years, Pudge quietly worked on his paunch which he so proudly displayed in his upper job year. His second year saw him an avid member of Mario's Angles in which he made a lasting impression and pulled down the job of Chief Angel.

Charlie had good luck during most of his cruises, but hit Barranquilla at the wrong time. We won't go into detail but it was one hell of a mess. Why he was covered from head to toe!

Soon old Charlie acquainted himself very well with the Glen Cove A-Go-Go between his many Golf specials and Sunday night gatherings.

With his ability to get along with others, we wish him well in the future. And we hope the ship he sails on fares better than the "Red Apple."

Soccer Team 1

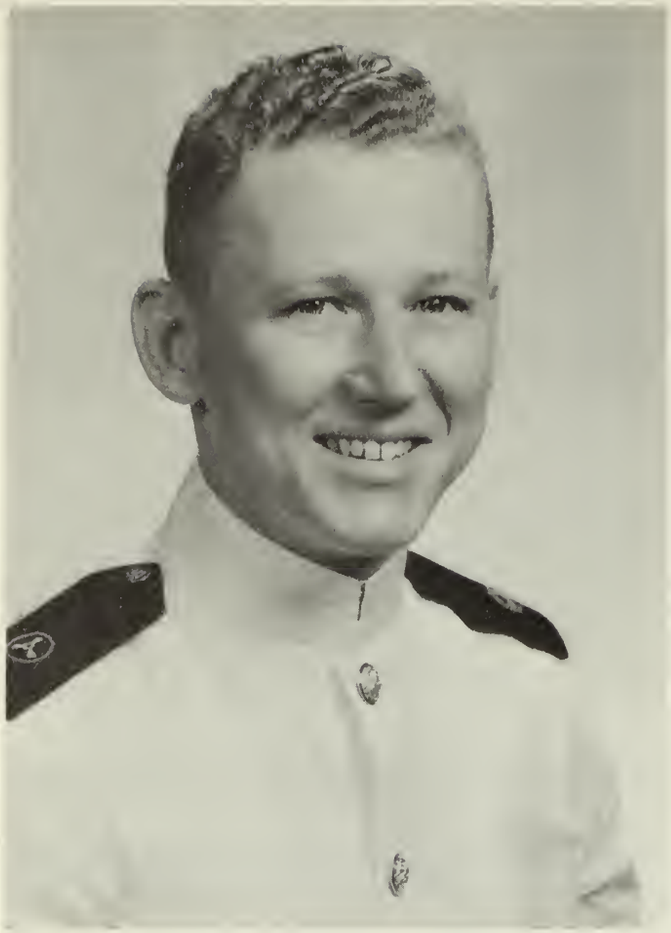
NORMAN W. WALLACE
609 Washington St.
Holliston, Massachusetts

"Norm"

To the strains of Deutchland Uber Alles the Fuerher excited from a grand Jaquar 3.8 liter sedan and, some what timidly, mounted to the Ol deck level of his new floating home, thus began Norman's career as a middie.

Normie is an individualist with an intelligent mind and a quick wit. He is a lot of laughs to be with and interesting to talk to. He is noted for his subtle, well placed comments and quips, and haystack head. He has been known to organize various mutinous groups (Blitzgruppen, Batmen, etc.) Norm is going to be a Coast Guard Inspector, so Bay State beware!

Good luck in the future even if you do hide behind the Shield.



CARL A. WIDBERG
77 Dunbar St.
Canton, Mass.

Cross Country 1
Honor Guard

Carl and W.E.J.

When W.E.J. came to Buzzard's Bay, he hoped to find his salvation. But instead he found the Bay State. He also found a real tough guy from Canton to protect him so he decided to stay.

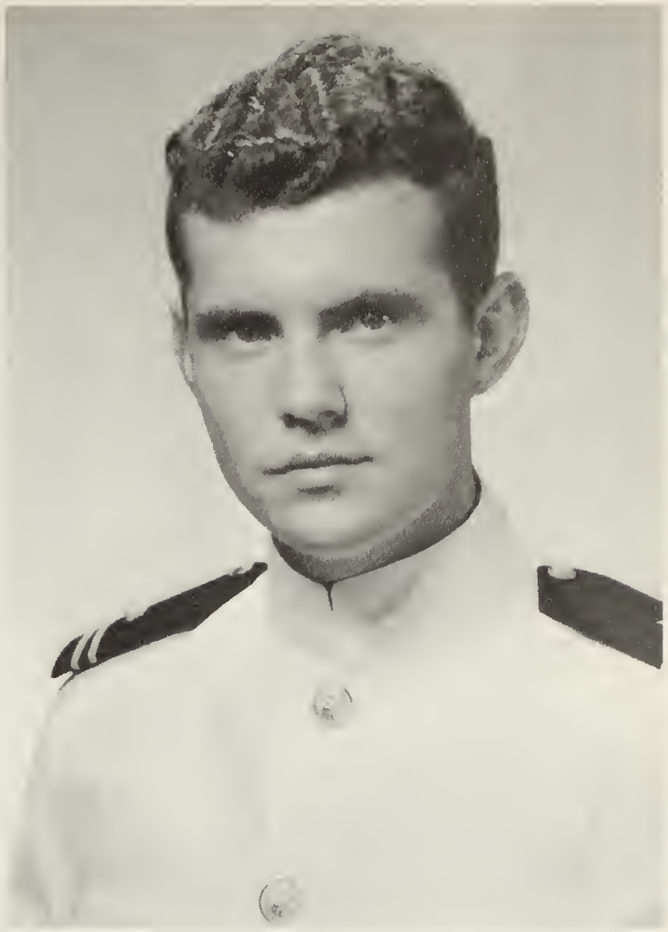
His cunningness and ability to vanish made him a mystery to the first classmen that year. But at the end of the first cruise Carl demonstrated, in West Palm Beach, how he could become a wanted man in just four days.

Carl's second job year could be called a minor miracle. How anyone could sleep through so many classes and still pass is still a mystery to us. "How do you do it Carl? Carl, Carl wake up! Carl." After spending all that time asleep in class Carl was an upper job and lost no time in becoming a member of the 40 Winks Club.

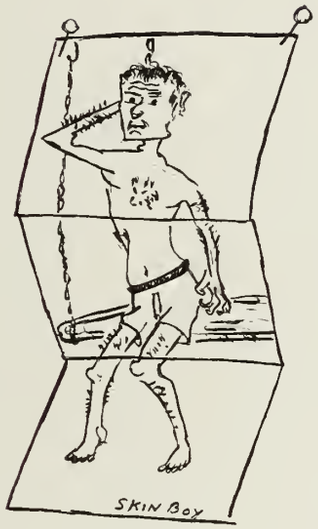
While not carrying out the rituals of the club, Carl indulged in that exciting game of Bridge. But alas all good things must come to an end, and soon the licences exam became the dominent factor in Carl's life. The exam gave Carl many sleepless nights???

With his successful years behind him, we are sure Carl will find much success in the future. Good luck to a good friend and classmate.

Cadet Lieutenant, Third division
Soccer Team 1,2



RUSSELL WOODILL JR.
265 High Street
Norwell, Massachusetts



"Russ"

"Messenger!" "What is that big, bushy, juicy thing slithering up the gangway?" This was the interrogative exclamation which greeted our beloved classmate as he checked aboard.

Russ sweated through his third class year and during the cruise had to be extricated from the forward engine room by "Big Bertha" and his "flunkies". As a second "W.A.C.", Russ found himself up in "Tareyton" division where he found many opportunities to drop well placed compliments and perform helpful little tasks.

After a minor scuffle for "squatter's" rights in the Cadet Officers' office, Russ's reputation began to grow. Under his expert supervision, third division was kept in top-notch condition, except for "periodic" runins with shipmates.

Where ever Russ goes he is sure to find a good berth. Best wishes.

DANA A. WINROTH
144 West St.
Stoughton, Mass.

Aristotle

Soccer 1,2,3

Dana is a man we will always remember as a person who had a reason for living, as a matter of fact he had a reason for just about everything. And he never hesitated to explain, in detail, his reasons to anyone within range of his voice.

Some of Dana's reasons showed great craftmanship and imagination, like the one he told Frank to justify his midnight foray in the outside world.

After a year at the Maine Academy, we all thought Dana would be very "squared away". But he soon dispelled this idea and proved he was a dyed in the wool skater. Yes, Dana was a skater in everything but soccer, here he worked hard and was one of our outstanding players as well as the top scorers in his last year.

We all wish Dana success in all his endeavors and feel certain he will achieve it. Good luck and smooth sailing Dana, from the class of 66.

and Testament

Colin Kenny leaves his nimble agility on the soccer field to Covell.
Buzzard leaves one pint of rum to "Mario" Tonello.
Pete Maitland leaves his extra hair to Ed Dunn.
Kuch leaves his "tective badge" to Leo Welch.
John Long leaves his can of Brasso to Peter Fritz.
Dick Bolcome leaves all of his books to Fred Butler.
Ray Palombo leaves one fishing rod to Tom Barrett.
Dick Brown leaves a "Comod-a-phone" to Dick Milo.
Dick Evans bequeaths T.C. mod one to "Bull" Dergin.
Fred Green leaves Rocks' picture to Cdr. Connors.
Rich Morrissey leaves one pair of rat shoes to "Mouse" Vienneau.
Bill Rotney leaves his Christmas Balls to "Rocky" Kennion.
Ricky just leaves with one spectacular wheelie out through the gate.
Pete Frazer leaves two stripes down on the C.E.'s desk aft.
Tom Brown leaves one job hat to anyone who will wear it since he never did.
Bob Amesbery leaves his keys to the muster office to any one who will pick them up.
Walter leaves a bottle of peroxide to Jack McPhee.
Bob McMurry leaves his good luck to next year's wheeler-dealers.
Kevin Riley leaves a whole laundry cage full of diet books to Rich Murry.
Mike Silvia leaves one overly used bunk to any ambitious nothing.
Norm Wallace leaves one broken Morris Gaurage product to Steve Broderick.
Bruce Fisher leaves the Golden Albatross to Ron Colpus (instead of a cross an albatross about my neck was hung .....)
Otto Boussy leaves fun and games to his brother.
Tom Battell leaves the system . . . for all it was worth.
Al Cambell leaves his chemistry set to Archembault.
Hoofa Heywood leaves a H.S. Sangie to Steve Freel.
Larry McGaughey leaves Hick-rock records in the record player.
The Bear leaves his Cool Moves to A.J. Squared away Kiedel.
Paul Samolchuck leaves all of his bottom lockers to any one else who has been amputated at the knees.
Russ Woodill leaves for the Coast Guard office with Dave Monday.
Dave Carpenter would like to thank a few people for their kind understanding and consideration and instruction and just leave.

.....Now that the will has been read and understood (?) and the estate settled the CLASS of 66 leaves the last settlement for itself; and that is . . . . . to leave and leave we WILL.

Greetings . . .

MARITIME ACADEMY GRADUATION

Graduating students, your invited guests, and your faculty — Prof. Rounds, Prof. Woodland, Prof. Murray, Prof. Cease, Prof. Connors, Prof. Yard, Prof. Dorsey, Prof Hendy, — and all the other faculty and staff members.

I'm scheduled to bring greetings from the Division of State Colleges. However, it seems incongruous to bring greetings to a "going-away party," so I'm really bringing "bon voyages" to you.

Except for the greetings I got from the President of the United States telling me I was drafted, every greeting I've ever received has been in verse; so I presumed Dr. Limouze wanted me to have a verse for you. I hope your verse will not be adverse to the audience. It is entitled:

Maritime Academy Graduates Do - It - Yourself

You've been trained well,
Living in hell,
Three years afloat,
In a tied-up boat,
At the rear
Of a pier
On the Cape Cod Canal.

You'll miss Anteen's mess,
The fancy dress,
The social life,
The ship-board strife
Well-kept heads,
Restful beds,
On the old Bay State T.S.

Gone at last—
The Captain's mast.
Who inherits
Unused demerits?
No hazing?
Amazing!
Now that graduation's past.

No more campus beauty,
Vacation duty,
Sleep in class,
Exams to pass,
Chipping paint,
Smelling quaint,
Fire drills,
Sea-sick pills
Now, the salary booty!

So graduates, you've sailed the course.
Put the books upon the shelf.
Bid farewell to the faculty
And start doing things yourself.

When sea-life troubles pile up
And seem to knock you down,
Come out swinging at each bell.
You were taught to fight by ROUNDS.

(You'll be daneing in the ring by yourself.)

If some day, when you're on wateh,
You see WOODLAND to the lee,
Know that you have run aground
For trees don't grow on sea.

(You'll have to get off by yourself.)

When you set foot in foreign ports
Native language may come hard;
But you can fathom what they say —
For you were taught it by the YARD.

(You'll have to speak for yourself.)

When clouds obseure your guiding star,
Work the instruments with zeal —
As you navigate, remember this —
There's no CONNORS on the wheel.

(You'll have to get there yourself.)

The eall is for "full steam ahead",
And if pressure takes a dip —
Don't worry about MURRAY,
He won't be on the ship

(You'll have to get steamed up yourself.)

The problems of life will get tougher,
If answers are badly missed,
Don't continue your wrong-doing.
Remember, CEASE and desist.

(You'll have to solve life yourself.)

If out at sea, and things go wrong,
And life's elimate's eold and windy,
Look to your own resourees, mates,
For there'll be no DORSEY-HENDY.

(You'll have to eonsole yourself.)

But now that you're an Aeademy grad,
And can do whatever you choose,
There is only one thing—you must never fail
To pay your alumni dues.

JOHN GILLESPIE
June 18, 1966

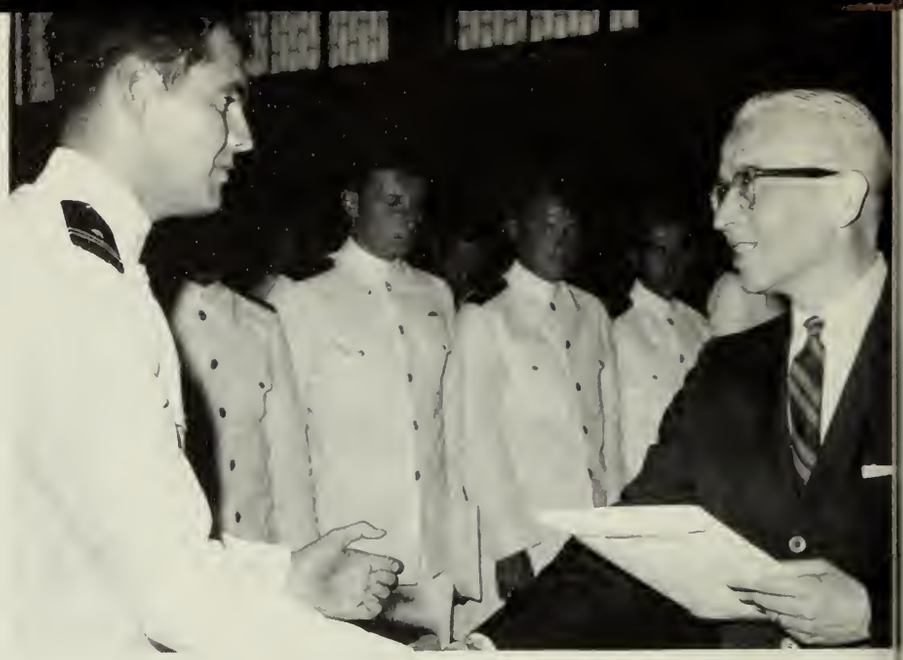
GRADUATION '66

THE CLASS OF 1966

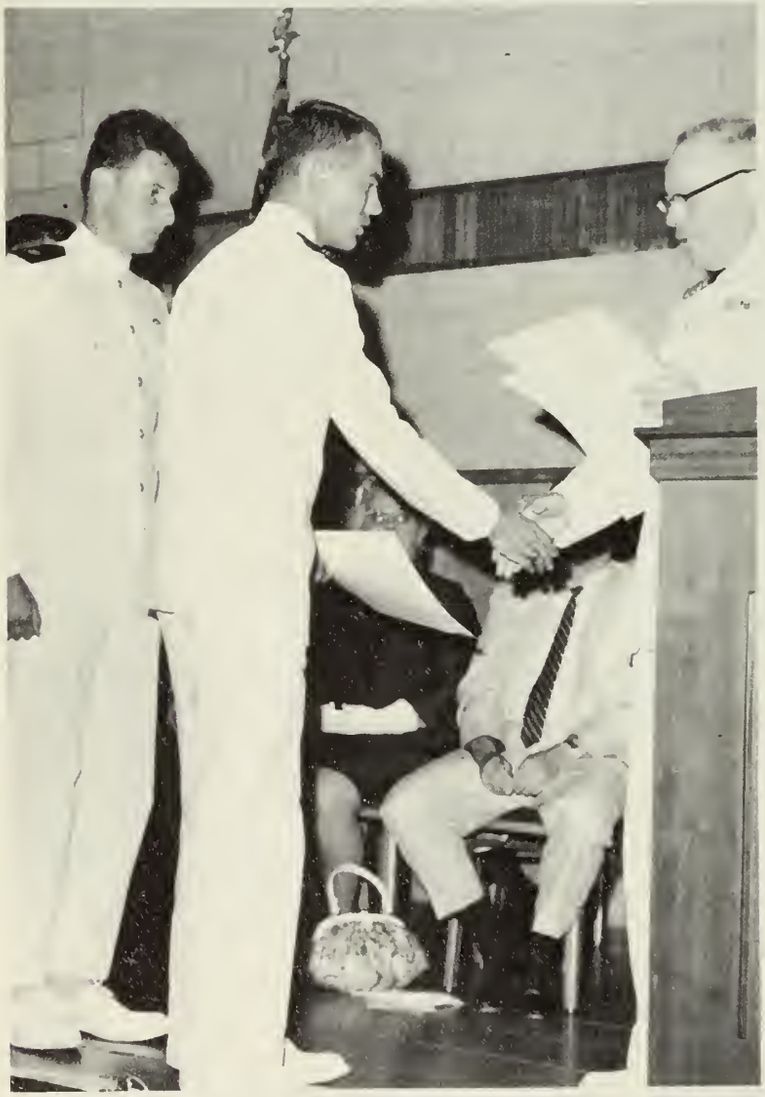
Massachusetts Senator Kevin Harrington
Principal Speaker

Dr. John Gillespie brings greetings from the Board of Trustees.

Graduating midshipmen take Coast Guard license oath.



Midshipman Woodill receives congratulations and diploma from Dr. Paul M. Fye.



Midshipmen Evans and Long receive their commissions in the United States Coast Guard from Captain William J. L. Parker, USCG.

Midshipman Bolcome receives the MEBA award from Captain Thomas E. Burke.

ALUMNI BANQUET

Dr. Paul M. Fye; Dr. A. Sanford Limouze; Frankland Miles, President, MMA Alumni; the Honorable Kevin B. Harrington, Massachusetts Senate; Dr. John Gillespie; Captain Harry C. Howe, USN Ret.

Theodore L. Storer, former Academy Commissioner.

Captain Harry C. Howe USN Ret.

President Frankland Miles congratulates William G. Watts, Class of 1920.

Peter Maitland, Battalion Commander; Frankland Miles.

Mr. Harry Thatcher Class of 1898.

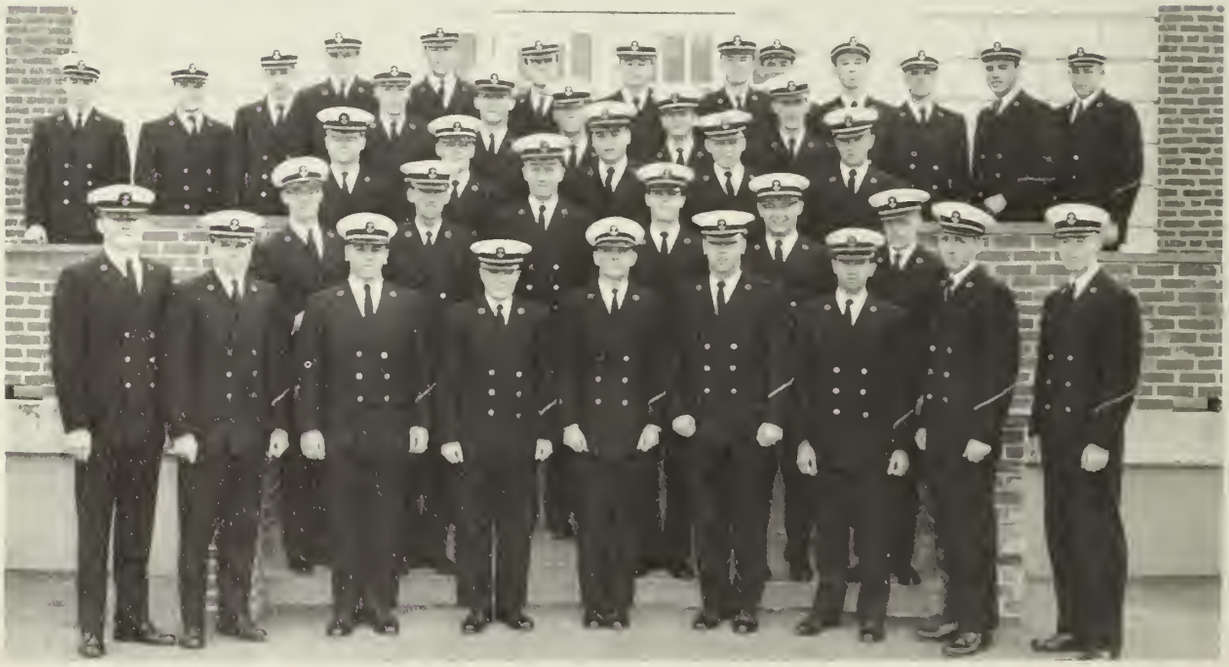
2D

DECK

First Row: R. Toomey, R. Murray, E. Plezia, W. Lightbody. Second Row: W. Harrington, L. Welch, R. Gunning, J. Nowd, S. Malley. Third Row: J. McPhee, A. Ilacqua, E. Dunn, J. Svenson, R. Colpus Fourth Row: J. Seiferth, J. Fritz. Fifth Row: D. Nelson, L. Banda, W. Doherty, L Doyle, S. Nadeau.

Next Year . . .

2E



ENGINE

First Row: T. Hamerly, J. Cole, R. Milo, P. Begin, G. Fassett, R. O'Brien, J. Arruda, E. Graham, J. Hickson. Second Row: P. Riley, C. Kimtis, W. Wing, J. Brown, B. Hamblett, K. Semple. Third Row: R. Janes, F. Butler, S. Mercandante, J. Langenbach, W. Barker. Fourth Row: J. Bechtold, S. Broderick, C. Guertin, R. Aldred, T. McCarthy. Fifth Row: R. Covell, D. Doherty, P. Lucas, J. Manning, R. Montembeault, A. Carlozzi, L. Sullivan, E. Callahan, R. Reed, M. Ryan, R. Archambault, W. Campbell, D. Lindquist.

3A

GROUP A

First Row, Left to Right: Anderson, Bizzozero, Collins, Murphy, Gately, Coleman, Hartigan, Roffey, Chase, Fortini, Janes, Canty, Adler, Hall, Vienneau. **Second Row:** Bayerle, Regan, Marston, Smith, Barufaldi, Kenyon. **Third Row:** Barrett, Ahlin, Scarlata, McDonald, Fife, Brennion. **Fourth Row:** Koopman, Judge, Culbert, McGrath, Shea, Gibney, Blunt, Hayes, Olderich, Barth, Simmons, O'Meara.

The Year After

3B

GROUP B

First Row: Murphy, G. R., MacIntyre, Carriere, Lonergan, King, Durgin, Mochi, Mello, Kozik, McAlear, Derby. **Second Row:** Levesque, Lane, Fraley, Aubin, Tonello, Murphy, L. P. **Third Row:** Reuell, Mulak, Clifford, Dow, Anderson, Kangas. **Fourth Row:** Ormsby, Penswick, Cartmill, Kopcak, Winskowicz, Ford, Keidel, Crowley, Barr, Fahey, Gabriel, Suslak, McNamara.

CROSS COUNTRY

CROSS COUNTRY TEAM

The Academy cross country team has had a successful season this year, even though the team's record does not support this claim. The success of which we are talking cannot be measured by the use of a record book.

After languishing for a year, the team was revived by the co-captains, Fred Green and Bob McMurray, the manager, Bill Doherity, and our advisor, Dr. Dawson. Due to these men the team had a few meets during the '66 season and has a full schedule for the '67 season.

We feel sure that after this year of building next year's team will show an improvement in training and in the record. But there is no doubt that they will maintain the competitive spirit which has always been a characteristic of the Academy Cross Country Team.

Coach Eno lines up with team members at Vera Cruz stadium.

BASEBALL

Due to a late spring cruise, the '66 baseball talent was exercised in a series of scratch games played in the various ports-of-call. Among others, games were played with a combined team made up of the Columbian Naval and Maritime Academies, and the Maritime Academy cadets in Vera Cruz.

Dana Winroth receives a token gift from a Mexican senorita on behalf of the team in Vera Cruz.

Mgr. Izzo looks on as Coach Eno gives last minute instructions to Co-Captain Maitland, Covel, Jim Brown, and Co-Captain Tom Brown.

Officials, coaches, and Dr. Limouze.

SOCCER

The Academy Soccer team closed out the 1965 season with a record of three wins, four losses and two ties. A total of 22 goals were scored against the opposition's total of 21. Two shut-outs were scored by the Mariner's while the opposition failed to blank the team.

Early season injuries to last year's All-Star Tom Brown and Don Lindquist probably hampered the team's chances to compile a more impressive record. Coach Walter Eno views the Mariners' tie with a powerful S. E. Massachusetts Tech team as one of the season's highlights. "We outplayed and outfought them, we deserved to win", states Mr. Eno. The Tech booters went on to capture the top spot in the southern division of the Colonial Intercollegiate Soccer League.

The Colonial League cited two members of the Maritime team by naming 1/c Dana Winroth, a high scoring forward to the all-star first team and 2/c Jim Brown received honorable mention.

An ambitious schedule for next year will include games with Kings Point, and New York State Academies, along with twelve other games. Jim Brown and Richard Covel have been selected as co-captains for the 1966 season.

The Mariners will sorely miss the services of graduating first classmen including co-captains Peter Maitland and Tom Brown. Also graduating are Dana Winroth, Paul Boussy, Steve Freel, Dick Bolcome and Colin Kenney. Coach Walter Eno will be casting an anxious eye in the 1966 "youngies" direction in hope of recruiting booters with high school experience to fill several vacancies.

SOCCER SCOREBOARD

MMA		OPP
7	Rhode Island College	0
3	Salem State College	1
1	Nichols College	6
2	Eastern Nazarene College	2
1	Stonehill College	3
1	South East Mass. Tech	1
3	Dean Jr. College	4
2	St. Francis College	0
1	Cape Cod All-Stars	4
2	Barrington College	4

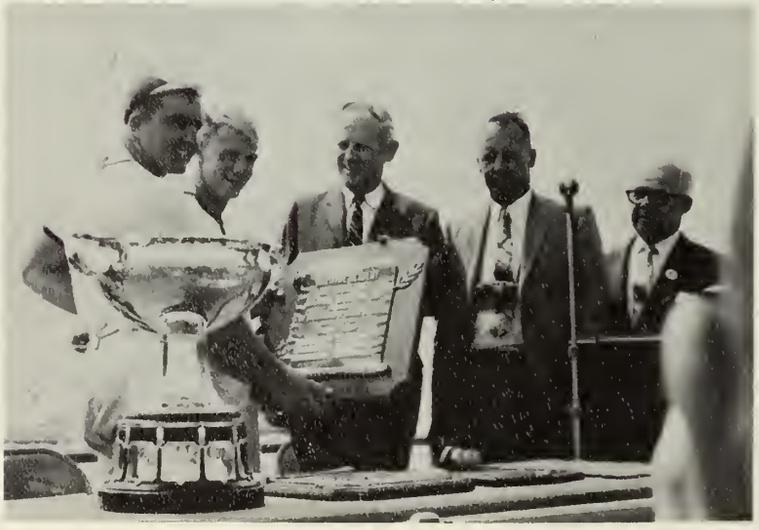
Dr. Limouze kicks out the first ball.

ROWING

The successes of the 1965 rowing season were continued into 1966. During the spring training cruise, the Middy oarsmen swamped a combined crew made up of cadets from the Columbian Naval and Merchant Marine Academies.

This win was followed by a victory over the Merchant Marine cadets at Vera Cruz. This race suffered a number of false starts due primarily to broken oars.

The cordial reception offered by both of these South American teams made our victories of secondary importance compared to the fraternal feelings shared with our fellow mariners.



Upon returning home, the MMA crew competed in the National Maritime Day, Academy races at King's Point on June 23. This was one of the closest races in the history of the event. Although our crew finished two lengths behind the winner, it placed fourth. Thus we lost possession of the trophy for the current year. All hands are intent on its recapture in '67.

One Last Glimpse . . .

of Academy Life

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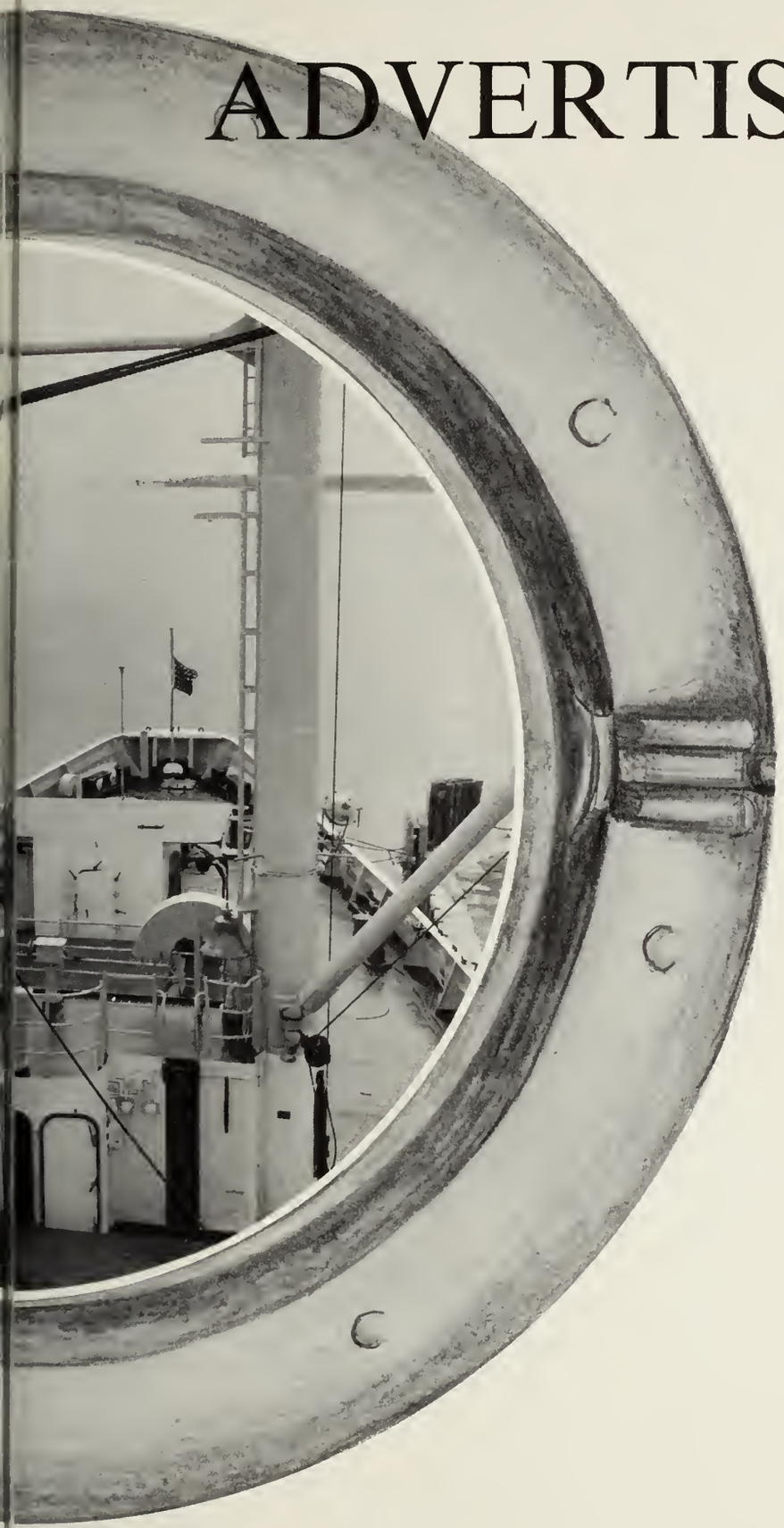

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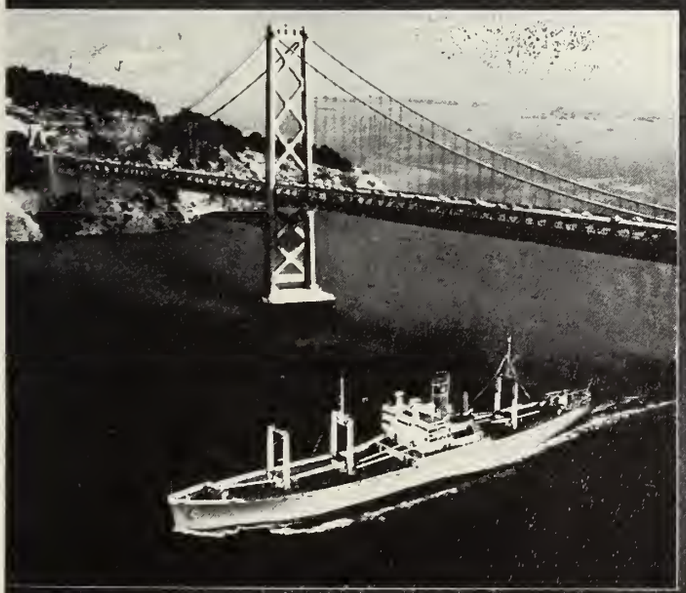

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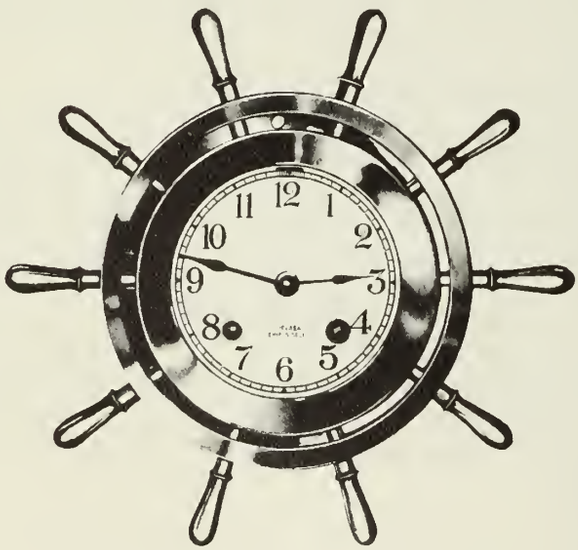

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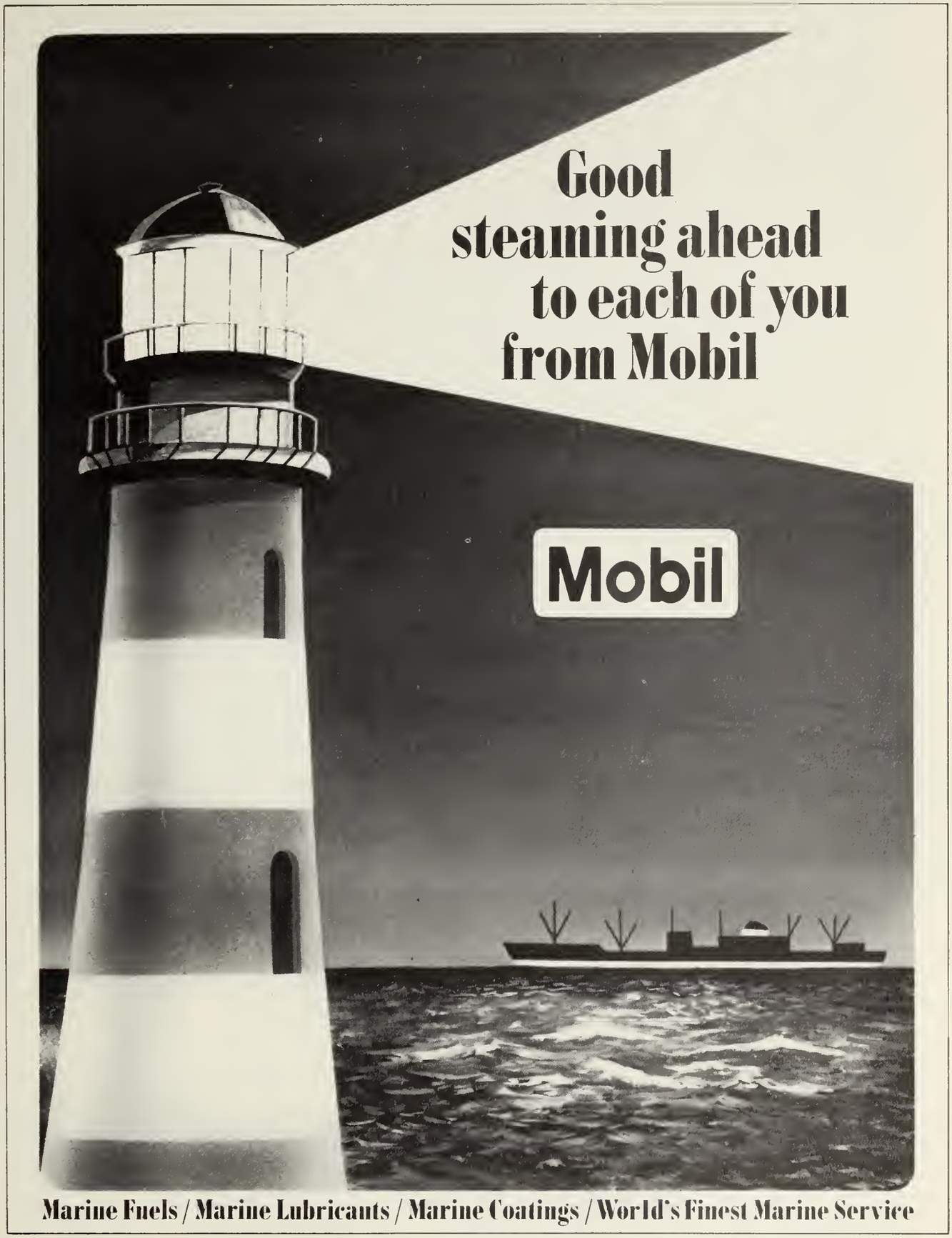

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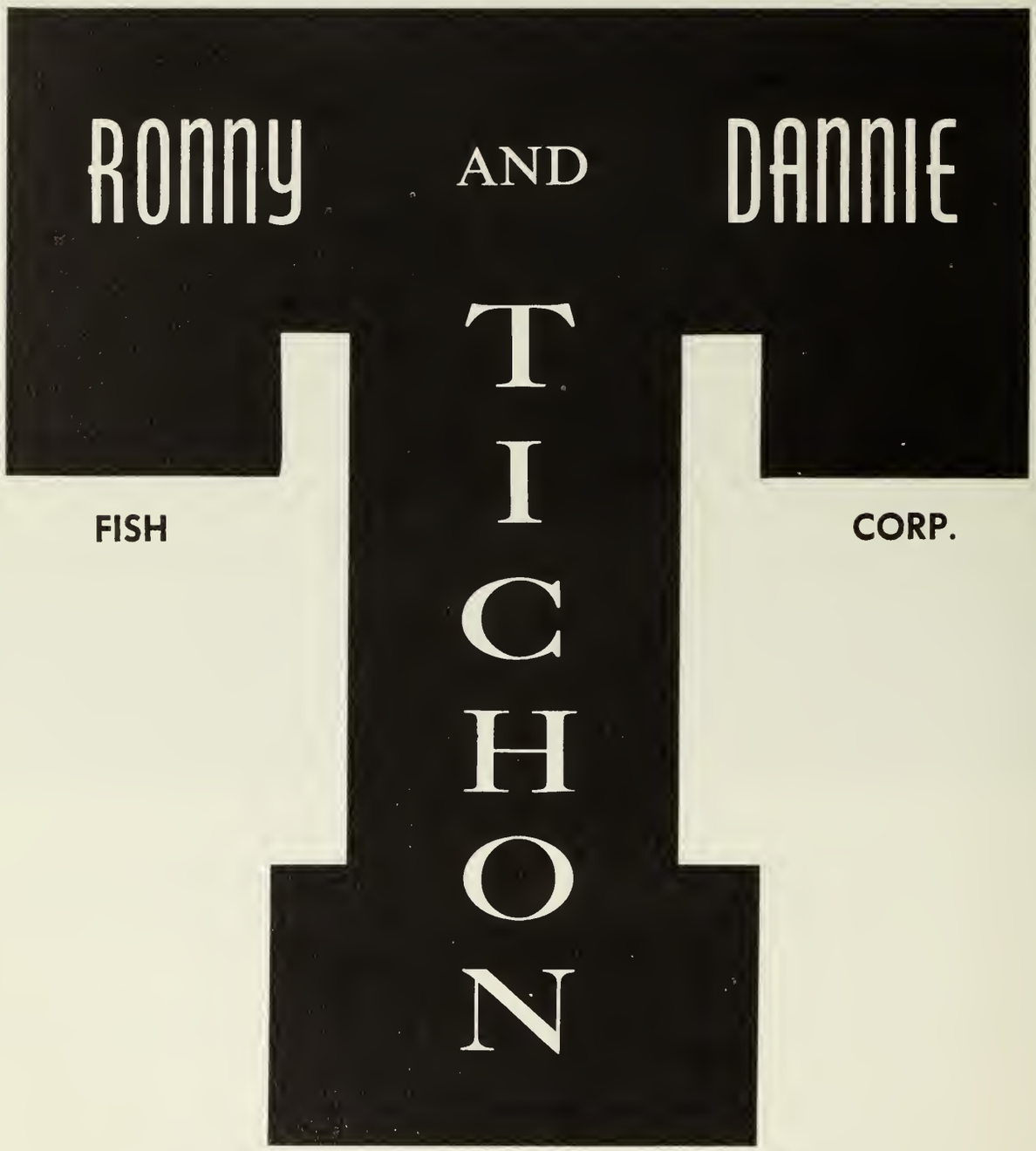

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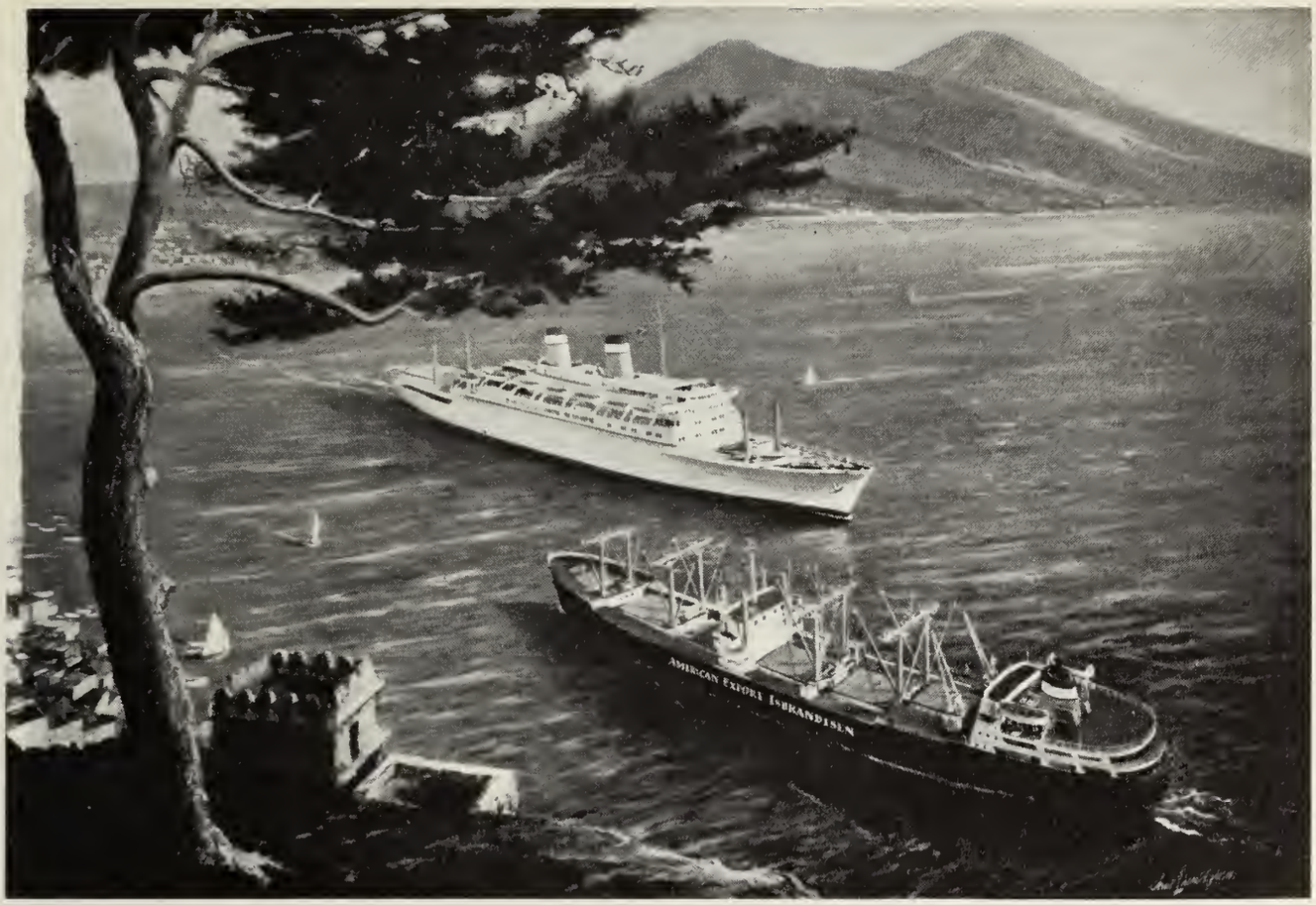

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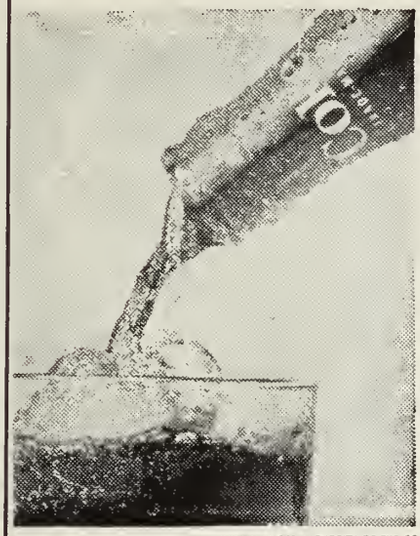

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